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THE WACKY WORLD OF SEXUAL HARASSMENT!

No. 353
January 1997

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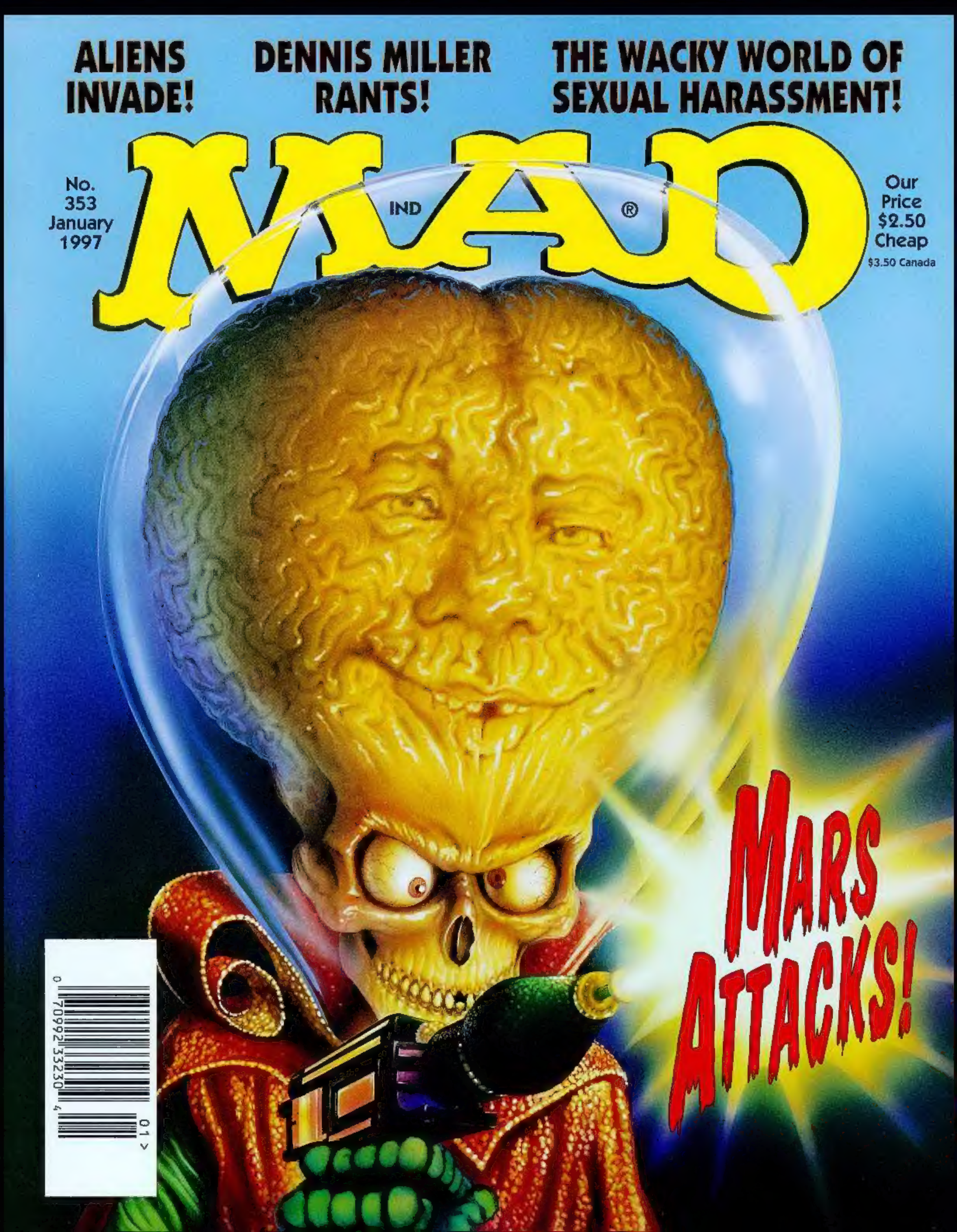

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MAD

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"Prison inmates are treated to cable TV, hot meals and a college education, while on the outside some people can only afford these things through a life of crime!"
— Alfred E. Neuman

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BACK COVER PHOTO: COURTESY ASTROLOGY TEAM, US GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, FLAGSTAFF, AZ

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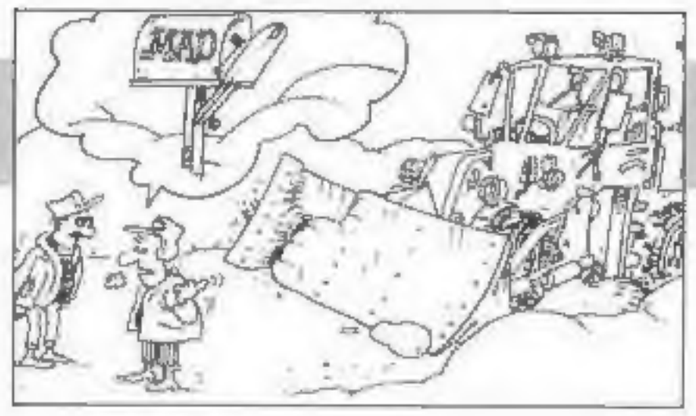
MAD (ISSN 0024-9319) *is published monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., 1700 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in U.S.A.: 12 issues $24.00 or 24 issues $45.00 or 36 issues $60.00. Outside U.S.A. (including Canada): 12 issues $30.00 or 24 issues $57.00 or 36 issues $76.00. (Canadian price has GST tax included.)* Entire contents © copyright 1996 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address change to MAD, P.O. Box 52345 Boulder, CO 80322-2345. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

Printed in U.S.A.



LETTERS &

"TWIT-STERS"

Your spoof on the movie *Twister* (MAD #349) was very entertaining, but I'd like to point out an error. A barometer is for measuring air pressure, not for predicting a tornado's path or measuring wind speed!

Joshua Wayne
O'Fallon, MO

Say, Josh — What do you use to measure large, stagnant masses of hot air? We could really use one of them gizmos right about now — and if it's digital, all the better! You follow, weather boy??
—Ed.

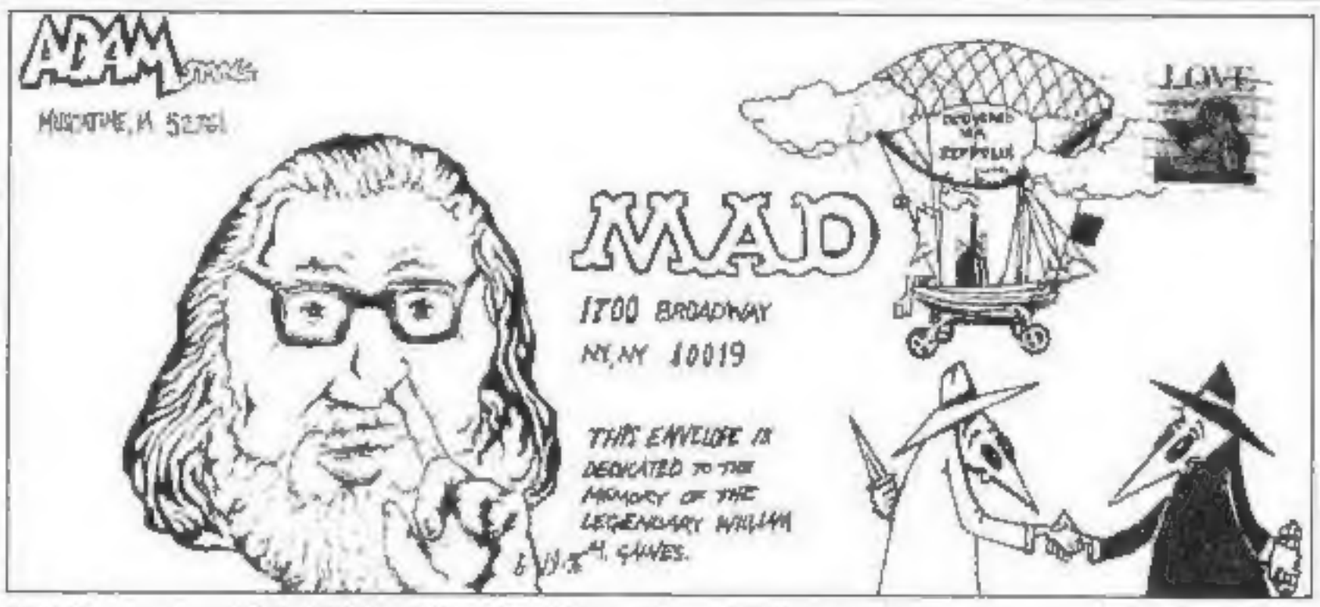
XENA-PHOBIA

Whoever wrote the cartoon on Xena and Hercules (MAD #349) is obviously as dumb as most of your articles. Even if the show does not exactly reek of literature, the adventure and mythology is why most normal people watch it. It was totally out of proportion (like your drawings of Lucy Lawless) to depict it the way you did. If you people ever picked up a newspaper or switched on the television, you might just see how popular these exciting shows are, a popularity that you could never even begin to grasp at!

Abbigail Kerns
President, Zeus Thunderer Fan Club
New York, NY

Thank you for your winning letter! We had no idea the Zeus Thunderer Fan Club existed and are very interested in joining! Please send us the following information as soon as possible: Will we get an official membership card? What are the duties and responsibilities of members? Most importantly, what are the official Zeus Thunderer Fan Club meetings like? Do you sit around dropping Greek mythological beast names in context and then giggle? Do you have mock debates, such as "Resolved: Unicorns are real"? Do you feast on oxen and drink mead from chalices and gourds? Or are your meetings you and your friends just sitting around eating chips and complaining why you can't get a date? We look forward to receiving the information, and say hi to Pericles for us!
—Ed.

ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH



This issue we've selected Muscatine, IA resident Adam Small's tasteful drawing as our Envelope of the Month! We think that if MAD founder William Gaines were still with us, he would have picked it too! Fa fa!

MORON MAIL

Why don't you give those of us in MAD-collecting fandom who aren't as *well endowed* as others a moment in the spotlight?!? After I started my collection in the mid-70s, it hit a dry spell: the late '70s...the '80s...into the '90s! My collection may not be huge, but I've kept it up for 26 years!

Kyle Hildreth
Southwick, MA

Kyle — Your collection is indeed very small — how appropriate! —Ed.

LOOK FOR THE UNION LIBEL

On the back cover of MAD #349 you show Bob Dole and Bill Clinton driving race cars advertising their corporate sponsors. However, you forgot Clinton's largest corporate sponsor, the AFL-CIO. *All* unions *always* support the *Democratic* candidate no matter how badly he's screwed them over. They deny it, but the AFL-CIO *is* a major corporation.

Ron Barnes
Affton, MO

Ron — The AFL-CIO is not a corporation. Rather, it is a loosely knit conglomerate of hard working, family valued, patriotic, God-fearing Americans dedicated to producing the finest products in the world today. (We had to say this for fear of having our legs broken!) If you have any questions or comments concerning this, you may contact our Union Rep directly — at the docks. He'll be the one with the baseball bat and the hideous grin! —Ed.

INSIGNIFICANT DATA

MAD #354 ON SALE JAN. 28!!

MAD *SUPER SPECIAL* #119 ON SALE JAN. 28!!

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FAX MAD AT (212) 506-4848

TOMATOES DEPARTMENT

MAD MUMBLINGS@aol.com

Ducks have flat feet to stamp out fires. Elephants have flat feet to stamp out burning ducks. — Junker1069...I really don't think my toes are supposed to be shaped that way — DParker934...Helpme,Iforgotwhatbuttonyouuseto makespaces!!!! — Kaysie1111...For your information, Elvis helps me to brush my teeth every Wednesday and Thursday nite at 10pm. — Pepper64...Hi! I am a lonely kid that has nothing else to do than write letters on my computer. Don't I suck? — ADAMEG...Where's the bacon? I can't find the bacon! — JesseR123

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

(Required by 39 USC 3685) **1.** Publication Title: MAD. **2.** Publication No.: 324-520. **3.** Filing Date: September 20, 1996. **4.** Issue Frequency: Monthly except bimonthly for January/February. **5.** Number of issues published annually: 11. **6.** Annual Subscription Price: $24.00/12 issues. **7.** Complete Mailing Address of Known Office of Publication: 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019-5905. **8.** Complete Mailing Address of Headquarters or General Business Office of Publisher: MAD, 1700 Broadway, 5th Fl, New York, NY 10019-5905. **9.** Full Names and Complete Mailing Address of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher: Paul Levitz, DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019-5905; Editor: Jenette Kahn, DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019-5905; Managing Editor: Annie Gaines, MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019-5905. **10.** Owner: E.C. Publications, Inc., wholly owned by Time Warner, Inc., a publicly held corporation — 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10019. **11.** Known bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages or Other Securities: None. **13.** Publication Title: MAD. **14.** Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: September 13, 1996. **15.** Extent and Nature of Circulation: **a.** Total No. Copies *(Net press run)*: Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 1,048,990; Actual No. Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date: 1,029,491. **b.** Paid and/or Requested Circulation: **(1)** Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, and Counter Sales *(Not Mailed)*: 237,243; 223,286. **(2)** Paid or Requested Mail Subscriptions *(Include Advertiser's Proof Copies and Exchange Copies)*: 72,668; 84,550. **c.** Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation (Sum of 15b(1) and 15b(2)): 309,911; 307,836. **d.** Free Distribution by Mail *(Samples, Complimentary, and other Free)*: 200; 200. **e.** Free Distribution Outside the Mail *(Carriers or Other Means)*: 460; 400. **f.** Total Free Distribution *(Sum of 15d and 15e)*: 660; 600. **g.** Total Distribution *(Sum of 15c and 15f)*: 310,571; 308,436. **h.** Copies Not Distributed **(1)** Office Use, Leftovers, Spoiled: 7,095; 4,742. **(2)** Returns from News Agents: 731,324; 707,438. **i.** Total (Sum of 15g, 15h(1), and 15h(2)): 1,048,990; 1,029,491. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation (15C/15G x 100): 32.5; 31.7. **16.** This Statement of Ownership will be printed in the January 1997 issue of this publication. **17.** I certify that all information furnished on this form is true and complete.

Annie Gaines, *Managing Editor*
September 20, 1996

A SUPER SPECIAL SO BIG, WE HAD TO MAKE THE COVER THIS SMALL

TO HAVE ENOUGH ROOM TO TELL YOU WHAT'S IN IT!

A BONUS 5-PAGE SNEAK PEEK AT OUR NEW BOOK: "THE HALF-WIT AND WISDOM OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN"!

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I'm **Gene Sizzle** and this is my plump partner, **Roger E. Bear!** We're helping MAD Magazine do **something** they've **never done** before — **review a movie** while it's **still playing** in the theaters instead of doing it **so late** that **no one** remembers the film **they're spoofing!**

Right! This film asks some **unsettling questions** without giving any **enlightening answers** — such as, why do the Martians **attack Earth** in the first place? So join me and my **balding cohort** as we screen **MAD's version** of...

Why is it that **scientists** never **detected life** on **Mars** before?

It seems that **Martians live underground!**

Uh-oh! **Creatures** who do **that** a lot tend to be **mean, angry** and **vicious!**

I know! We **already have** that kind of **creature** right here on **Earth!** They're called **New York City Subway Riders!**

Nicholson also plays a **Las Vegas promoter...**

My **new hotel** will be a **complete replica** of **Los Angeles!** Every **half hour** we'll have either an **earthquake, mud slide, forest fire, celebrity multiple homicide** or a **riot!** And all our **employees** will have written **unsold screenplays** and our **managers** will be **part-time agents** and **full-time phonies!**

Oh, wow! You're bringing **reality** to an **entirely new level!**

As a **recovering alcoholic,** I wish you wouldn't **drink in front of me!**

Hey, **YOU'VE** got the **drinking problem, not me!**

MARRED ATTACK!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

Why is **Jack Nicholson** playing **two roles** that have **nothing** to do with **one another?** First, as **President...**

I'm giving **General Crazy** the **assignment** to deal with the **Martian visitors!**

Thank you for your **confidence** in my **ability,** Mr. President!

The **President's** always so damned **politically correct!** That's why he picked a **black guy** over me for the **job!**

Not really! Actually he's a very **narrow-minded man** who thinks in **stereotypes!** Ever since he saw **Will Smith** in ***Independence Day*** he feels that only **cool black guys** can deal with **invaders** from **outer space!**

I never had a **problem** with **drinking,** idiot! I had a **problem** with **quitting!** Besides, I hate what **hotel developers** like you are **doing** to the **ecology** of the **Vegas area!**

Oh sure! It'd be a **whole lot better** if we let it **revert back** to its **natural state** — a **thousand square miles** of **empty sand** and **armadillo droppings!**

I still **can't figure** why **Tim Burton** would make a **movie** based on a **Topps gum card series** that **nobody** except **weirdo collectors remember!**

And I **can't figure** out why I bother doing these **reviews with you!** Can't you see it's really a **parody** of the **sci-fi flicks** of the **'60s** and some **current ones?** You might call it an "**homage**" to those **films!**

You might! I'd call it by **another name** — **plagiarism!** Yeesh! Let's just **get on** with **the thing...**

I understand that the **President** and his **top general** want to **address** the **nation!** But why does he insist on **cutting into** the new **Michael Jackson video?**

Because it will be **very dramatic!** Besides, if he cuts into ***Beavis and Butt-head,*** nobody'd know the **difference!**

We have just **learned** that **Martians** are **descending** upon our **planet!** By our **calculations** they will be arriving in **three hours!** Factoring in **how long** it takes to land at any **metropolitan airport,** we figure they will be on the **ground** in **four and a half hours!** I do not want you to **panic!** As your **President,** I will **panic for you!** I'm getting the **hell out of here...**

Dr. Kissy-face, how will we be able to **communicate** with the **visitors from Mars?**

We have developed a **computer** that can **analyze** the **utterances** of **strange tongues** and **translate** them into **under-standable English!**

So, **has** the **computer** ever **been tested?**

Yes! Just **last week** we used it to **translate** a **Ross Perot speech!**

Oh my God! What the **hell** is **that?**

Appar-ently, it is a **Martian!**

That's a **relief!** I thought it was **Boris Yeltsin** after a **hard night** of **drinking** in the Kremlin!

Let's see if he **gives** the **inter-planetary sign** for **Peace!**

Uh, that's **not exactly** what I **had in mind!**

Mr. Press Secretary, **tell us something** about these **Martians!**

Well, we **don't know** too **much** yet, but we're **gathering experts** on **every subject** so we'll be **better prepared** for them! What do you **want to know?**

How do they **reproduce?** Do they have **sex?**

I'm sure our **committee** of **Clarence Thomas, RuPaul, Dennis Rodman, Howard Stern** and **Madonna** will come up with the **answers first chance** they get!

There's a **guy** who **owes me money** and I want you to **lean on him** for me!

I don't do that **anymore!** Since I **joined Louis Farrakhan** and **The Nation of Islam,** I've **reformed!** I now know it's **wrong** to **hurt people ...unless they're Jews!**

32

When they **come out** of their **spaceships,** we'll be prepared to **hit 'em** with **everything we got!**

That would be a **terrible mistake!** They may have come **in peace!** A **full-scale battle** would be **disastrous!**

Just to be **safe,** why don't we follow **"The President Bush Strategy"** used in **Desert Storm — deploy** our **forces, surround them** and then, when they're on the **brink** of **surrender, stop** the **war** and **declare ourselves** the **winner** without ever damaging their **military potential!**

We want you to **know something** about us! We will concentrate on **bringing peace** between our **two planets...**

HOORAY!!

YAY!!

...**Another thing** you should know is that **we have a very short attention span!**

WELCOME TO EARTH

SKELETON CREW

Why are they **taking her** into their **spaceship?**

Maybe they **saw her** making **broadcast history** on **TV!**

Do you think they'll **do anything** to **her?**

I know **I would!**

Marlon Brando was **busy** tonight so I thought I'd ask **famed astronomer** and **publicity junkie Carl Sagan** to tell us **what's going on!**

I believe that because they were **frightened** by the **sound** of **applause,** they **shot up** the **place!**

Applause, eh? If that's the case, we have **nothing to worry** about when **THIS movie** is **over!**

You may think I am here to **destroy** your **legislative branch!** I **will not** do that! Instead, I will let you **destroy it yourselves!** We have **sealed** the **windows** and **doors** — all the **gas** and **hot air** that you **congressmen** and **senators** have **expelled** with your **speeches** in this **hall** for the **past four years** only awaits a **lighted match** to blow it to **smithereens!** Happy vapor trails!

BOOM!

I have a **few announcements** to make of **vital interest** to all of our **citizens!** Earlier today, the Martians **blew up Congress,** killing many of your **legislators!** Now for the **bad news...**

This is **terrible!** Imagine all the **bad jokes** I'm going to hear like, "**Pull yourself together, pal,**" or "**That's you all over,**" or "**You're falling apart**"!

Look at me! Will you still want to have **anything to do** with me **like this?**

Of course! In fact I'll even **walk you twice a day!**

Ooh! That's **so sexy!**

You **bit it off** as we were about to **make love!** Come to think of it, I guess it could have been **a lot worse!** But this is the last time I ever take **Dick Morris' advice** on bringing **prostitutes** to the **White House!**

An **analysis** of what she was **chewing** proved that she was a **Martian!**

Because it was **concentrated Nitrogen** that allowed her to **breathe** in **our atmosphere?**

No, because it was **Bazooka Bubble Gum!** Only a creature with **superhuman jaws** could **chew** through a **wad like that!**

I now believe that the **Martians** come from a **very old civilization!** They **remember Tom Jones!**

It's not unusual to be loved by anyone...

Ever since **World War II**, the **French government** has been looking for a **good fight** from which to **surrender!** This **is it!**

These **guys** are **killers!** They won't accept your **surrender!**

Not even if we **gave them** our **minorities, like we did** with the **Nazis?**

Au revoir, baby!

MON DIEU

Hold the movie! We can't go on because the **ending** of this film is **so stupid** and so **devoid of wit** that the **readers** will think that **MAD invented** the **ending!** The editors never want to look **THAT uncreative!**

I want to **know** what **finally happens!**

The Martians are **destroyed,** only **one escapes** and **can't be located!**

I **hated** that **damned movie!**

Well, I liked it! A lot! Why did you **hate it so** much?

I hated the way they **made fun** of the **Martians,** especially since...

...I am one! Did you **actually believe** that the **fat-faced mask** I always wore was **really human?**

Oh, my God —

He's **eaten Gene Sizzle!**

Wait! Look, he's **choking** to **death!**

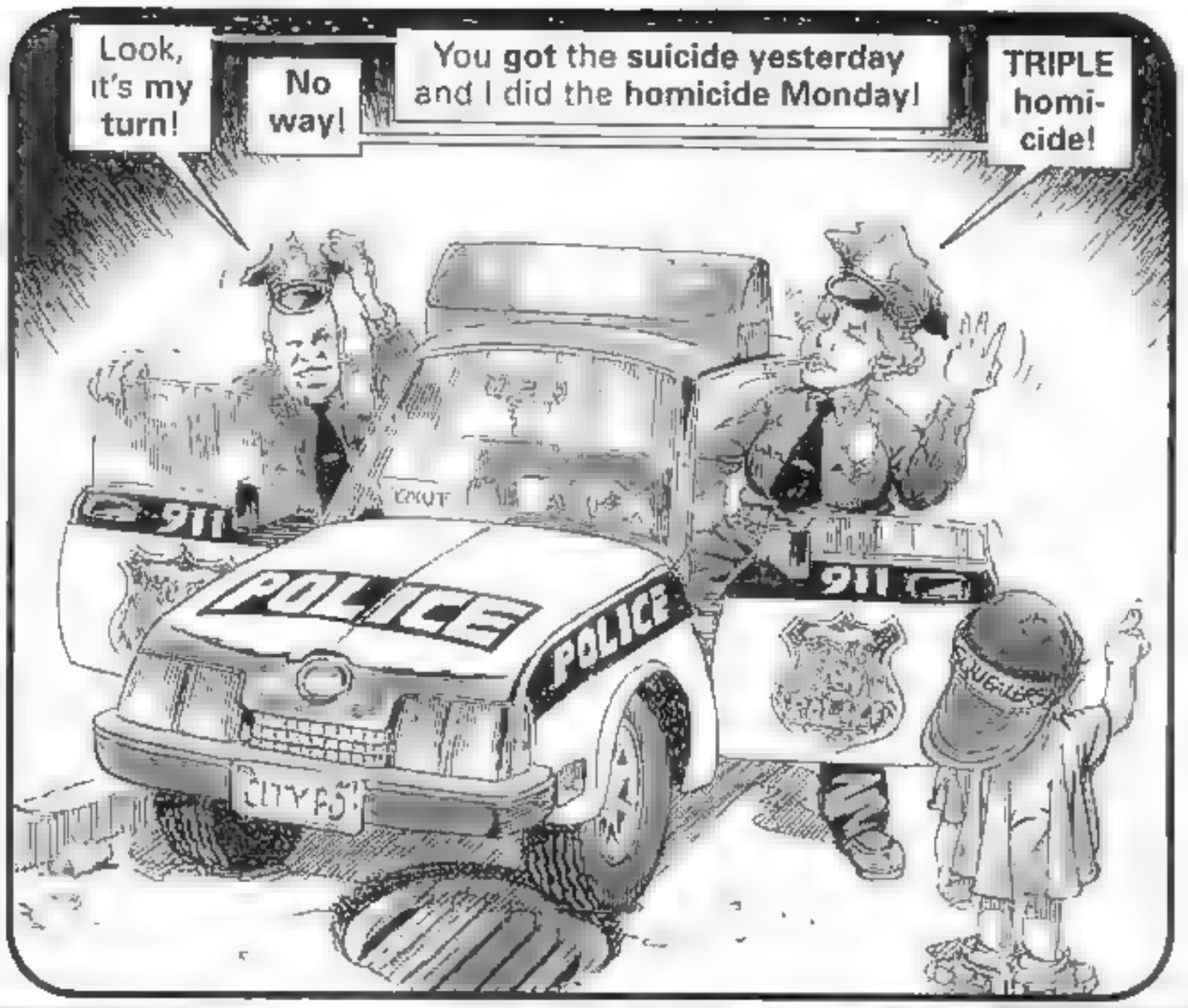
RED BONE

Gene's "thumb up" got **lodged** in his **throat** and **choked him!**

With all that **technology,** with all of **our power,** all it took to **stop** the **Martian attack** was simply **giving them the finger!**

One of the most exciting jobs in law enforcement is paying a visit to a victim's unsuspecting relatives. This fall, ride along with the street-hardened cops who earn their pay one death at a time...

THE BAD NEWS SQUAD



FROM BADGE TO WORSE DEPT.

COPS, Real Stories Of The Highway Patrol, Rescue 911...it seems America can't get enough of gritty, real-life police drama! But with all the good (and not so good!) premises already taken, TV producers will have to dredge the bottom of the proverbial police barrel to come up with new shows. Here are just a few...

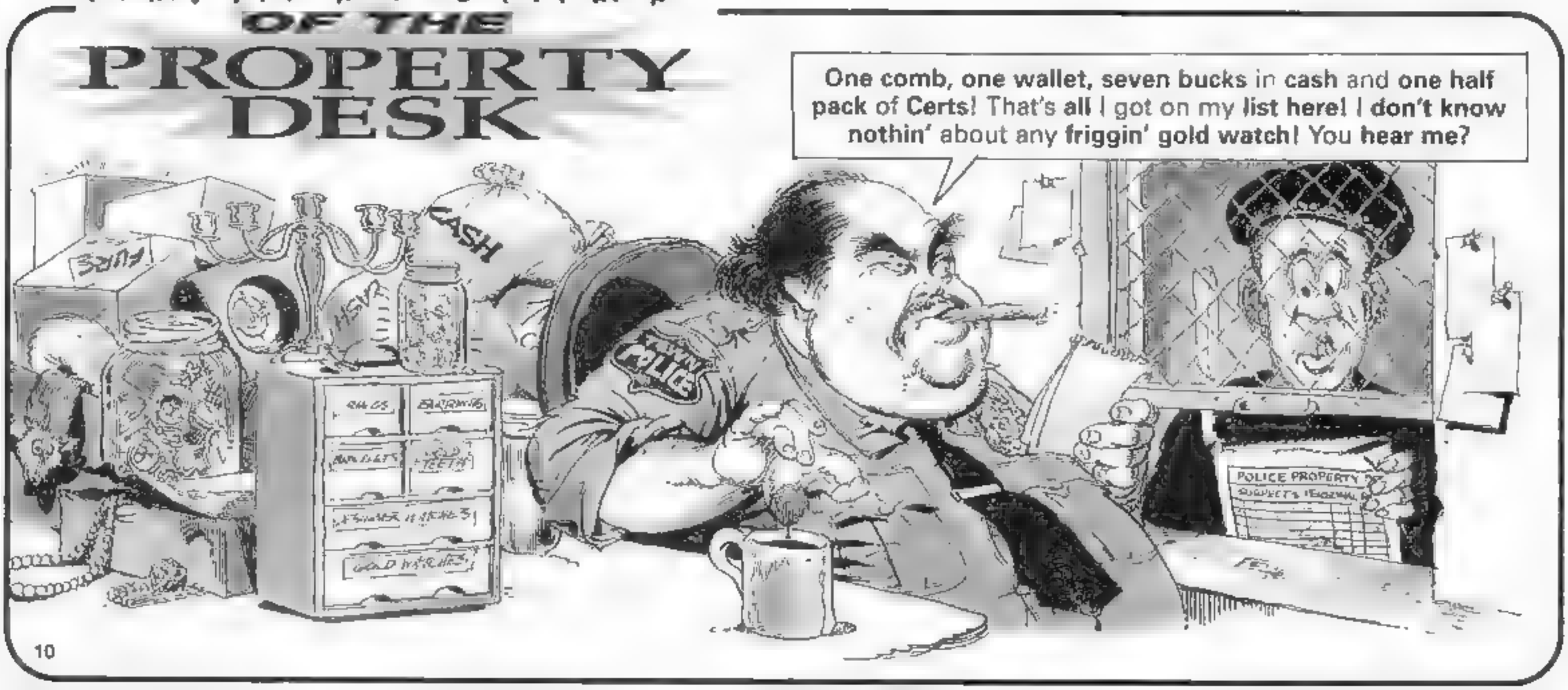
REALISTIC POLICE SH

In the halls of America's police stations one officer is responsible for ALL of a suspect's personal possessions. His two rules: 1) Make sure they've got nothing to hang themselves with, and 2) Find out if they have anything really valuable! This fall, before you check into a cell, don't forget to check out...

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

REAL STORIES OF THE PROPERTY DESK


One comb, one wallet, seven bucks in cash and one half pack of Certs! That's all I got on my list here! I don't know nothin' about any friggin' gold watch! You hear me?
CASH
POLICE PROPERTY

That doesn't matter!

Well, it should!

Okay! How 'bout we both do this one!

Can we really do that?

BZZZZZ

IT'S THE LAW! RECYCLE

Mrs. Jorgensen? Did you used to have a son named Timmy?

OWS WE'LL SOON BE SEEING

It takes a certain breed of police officer to enter the dark halls of teenage crime. These brave men and women face the hordes of ruthless punks and set them straight! This season, enter the world of...

HIGH SCHOOL ★★★ LECTURE COPS

I know how to talk to kids in their language. That's why they dig on my groovy jive!! I really enjoy laying down the 911 for them! I'm speaking to an assembly of high school seniors today!

Yo, what is it that is up? Are you all down with my crime fighting partner, Snoop Coppy Copp? Hey, tell them what it is that is up, Snoop!

Hey, boys and girls, drugs are very bad! Report your friends to the police!

When a traffic light or a stop sign isn't enough to get the job done, it's time to call the fearless members of this elite squadron! Get ready for an intersection of thrills with...

U.S.C.G.

(United States Crossing Guards)

Sometimes they **look** at the **gloves** and they think, "**Naw, this guy don't got it!**" That's when the **whistle comes out!** Oh, they **stop!** You **better believe** they **stop!** Oh **yeah,** they **stop all right!**

One **time** I had **this guy** didn't want to **stop!** I **hollered** at him, "You **better stop, you.**" He's still **not stoppin'!** *Sooo,* you know, **out comes** the **whistle!** He **stopped. Damn straight** he **stopped! Stopped quick,** he **stopped!**

UNITED SCHOOL CROSSING GUARDS

USCG

SCREECH!

On a dark stretch of road a lone officer stands between the deadbeat motorist and the open turnpike! Make sure you have exact change this fall when you pull up to...

TOLL BOOTH Lady

What's *this?* A **Susan B. Anthony Dollar?** Whaddaya gonna pull on me next, a **two dollar bill?** A **roll** of **PENNIES?!** Okay, **wise guy,** out of the **car** and **SPREAD'EM!**

YOUR TURNPIKE KEEP IT CLEAN!

LOST CHILD

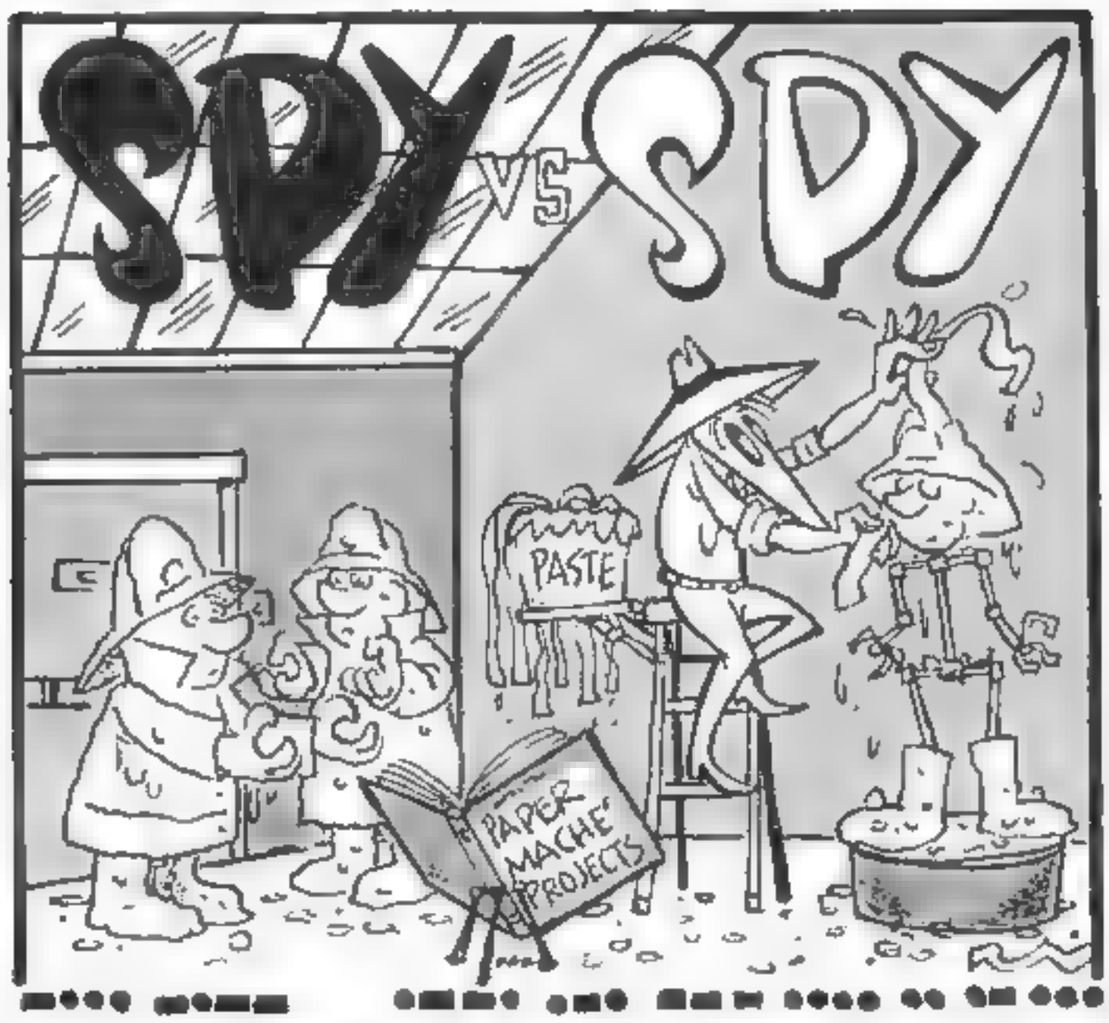
This season, get under the hood with America's finest law enforcement mechanics! Meet the men and women who courageously keep the black and whites rolling! Pull over and take a pit stop with the folks in the...

MOTOR POOL

Oh **sure,** we all **fill up** our **own cars here!** It's on **Johnny Taxpayer, right?** Hey, let me **know** when you got that **camera rolling,** buddy!

POLICE VEHICLES ONLY

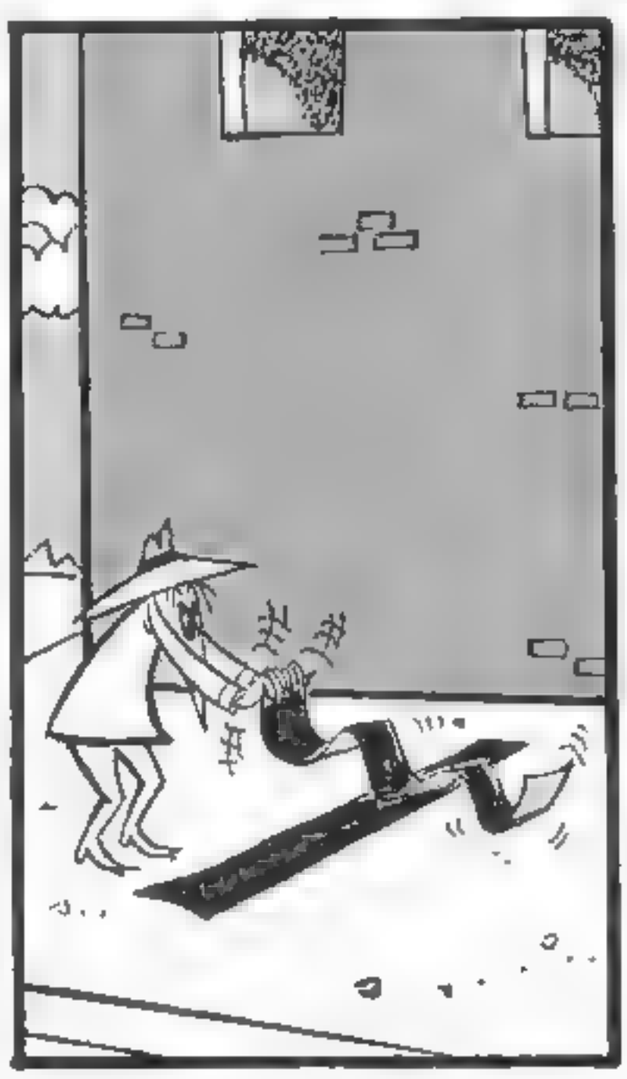
SOUTH OF THE BORDER

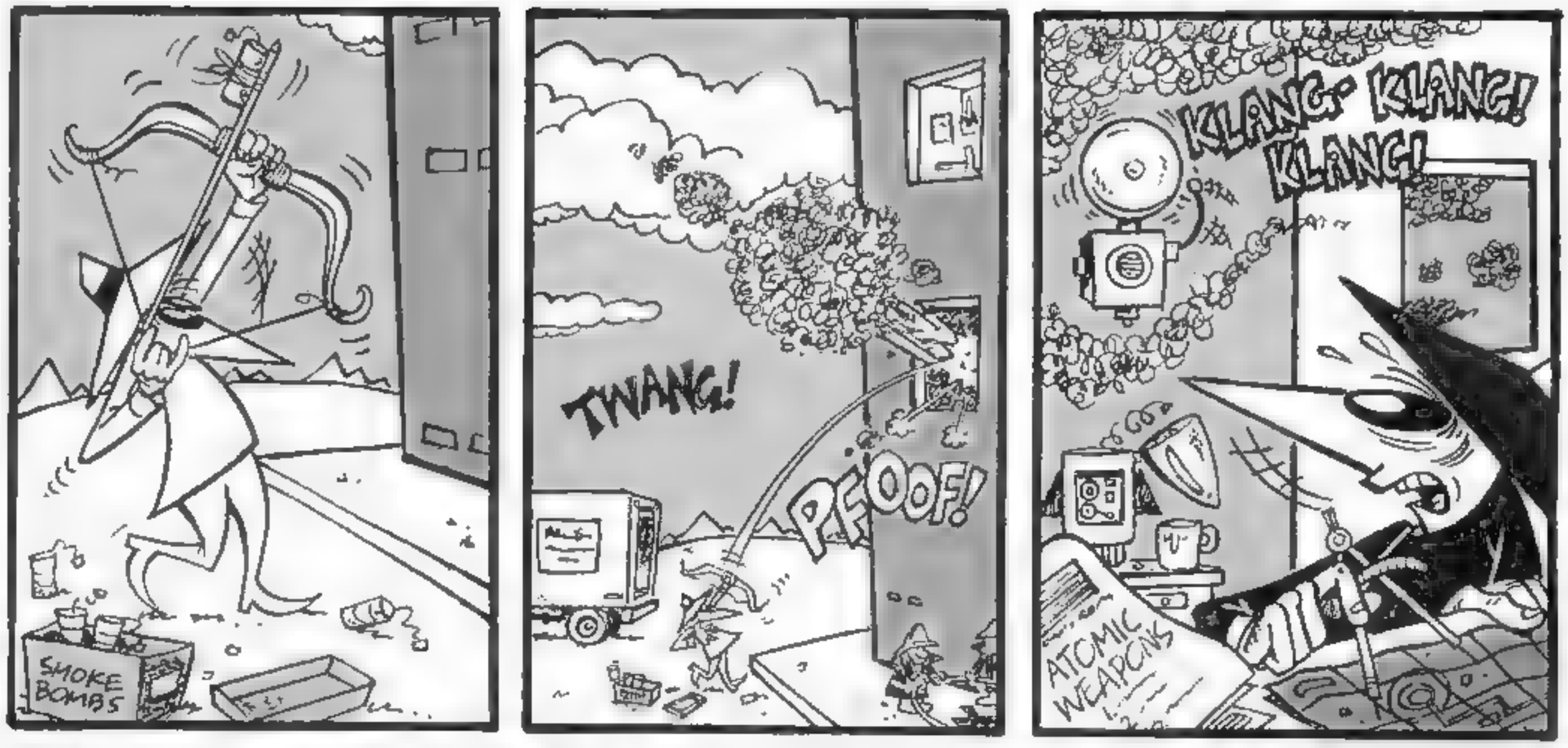

SPY VS SPY
PASTE
PAPER MACHE' PROJECTS

BLACK PAINT

WHITE SPY HQ

WHITE SPY MOBILE UNIT
BLACK SPY ATOMIC WEAPONS SECRET LAB




SMOKE BOMBS
TWANG!
PFOOF!
KLANG! KLANG! KLANG!
ATOMIC WEAPONS
ATOMIC WEAPONS
SPLAGOOSH!
M&C

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN DEPT.

Obituaries For Comic Strip Characters

Many issues ago, MAD published the obituaries of well-known comic strip characters. Several of them — such as Smilin' Jack, Joe Palooka and Henry — died soon after, a tribute to our ability to predict the future! Today, a new generation has taken over. Like all of us, they too will eventually depart this world! Therefore, let us look ahead to the day we scan the obituary pages and sadly behold this new batch of...

Amazing Spider-Man, 71, Dies In Nursing Home

Mr. Spider-Man

The Amazing Spider-Man, 71, hanged himself in the Super Heroes Nursing Home today, according to a report on the Worldwide Web.

"We found him dangling from his own filaments," a spokesman said. "It was the prettiest noose you'd ever want to see."

Once a leading crime fighter, Spider-Man had been suffering from severe depression following the decline in popularity of his daily comic strip. Though he tried to scale new heights, he never enjoyed the success of his more famous rivals, Superman and Batman, whose income from feature films and merchandising far exceeded his own.

"Every time he saw a Superman T-shirt or a Batman lunch box he'd sink a little deeper," the spokesman said. "He hit bottom with news that Arnold Schwarzenegger had been signed for *Batman IV*."

It was planned that Spider-Man would be laid to rest in the Super Heroes Mausoleum, but due to his lack of merchandising success he will be interred in the small-timers annex.

Beetle Bailey, 66, Dies; Was Army's Oldest Private

Pvt. Beetle Bailey

Beetle Bailey, the only Army enlisted man to serve 47 years as a private, was pronounced dead today at 1400 hours. However, exact time of death has yet to be determined.

"I found him in his bunk unconscious, which for him was normal," said Sgt. Orville Snorkel at Camp Swampy. "I tried punching him awake, but he wouldn't come around. I figured he was faking a coma to get out of latrine duty. I got a little concerned when rigor mortis set in, but I figured he was faking that too. He could have been dead for a week, for all I know."

Bailey, who joined the Army in 1950, had a long history of service-related ailments. During the Korean War he complained of acute combat fatigue, and during the Vietnam conflict, was often hospitalized for post-traumatic stress. Following treatment for shell shock during the invasion of Grenada, he spent six months on sick leave in 1990, the result of Desert Storm syndrome.

These claims of illness remain open to question. According to Pentagon records, Bailey spent his entire Army career at Camp Swampy

Bailey qualified for promotion to PFC on 21 occasions. Each time he refused, concerned about the strain and pressures of added responsibility.

Befitting his rank, funeral services will be private. To honor Bailey's death, all Army posts will fly their flags at full mast.

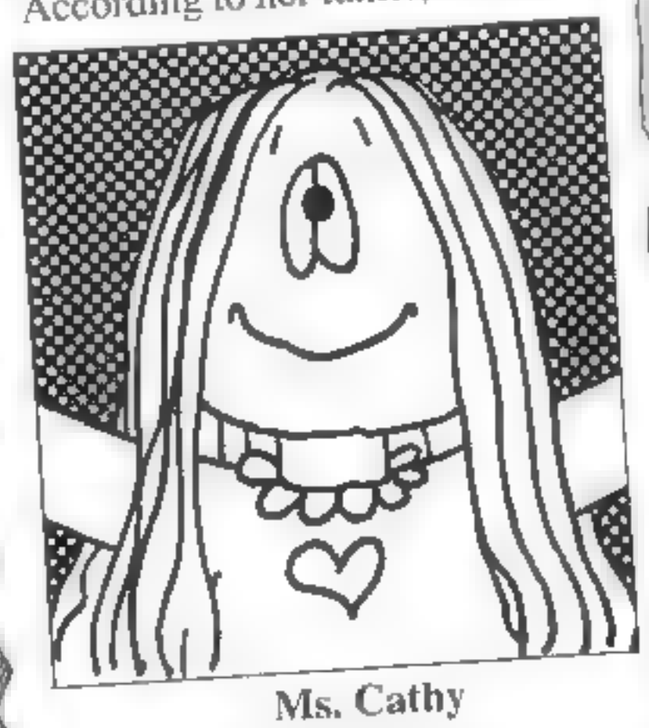
ARTIST: STEVE SMALLWOOD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Obituaries For Comic Strip Characters

Cathy, 44, A Suicide After Killing Mother

Cathy fatally shot her mother today, then turned her handgun on herself. She was 44.

According to her father, the shoot-



Ms. Cathy

ings climaxed several hours of arguing and screaming, much of it centering on Cathy's failure to marry and produce grandchildren.

"It was the endless nagging that drove her over the edge," said her father. "I probably could have prevented it, but being a gutless wimp, it would have been out of character for me."

Cathy's string of failed romances were well-documented. After a rocky relationship with Irving, she grew desperate and began searching for a life partner in other strips. She moved in with Dilbert, but his sexual inexperience and lack of earning potential proved disastrous. Her final attempt at a relationship was a short-lived liaison with Sylvia.

Cathy will be buried, some distance from her mother, in a bathing suit two sizes too small.

Blondie, 71, Dies Of Hair Dye Abuse

Blondie Bumstead died today of toxic poisoning brought on by years of blonde hair dye abuse. She was 71.

"She splashed it on by the gallon," said Tootsie Woodley, a neighbor. "I told her the stuff had side effects, but she was too vain to listen."

Mrs. Blondie Bumstead

According to a daughter, Cookie Bumstead, Blondie refused to grow old gracefully. "After she turned forty, she practically bankrupted our family, what with her face lifts, implants and fanny tucks. Towards the end, she looked worse than Sally Forth."

Blondie was the widow of Dagwood Bumstead, a minor business executive, who died four years ago on his sofa from high cholesterol, caused by a diet of junk food.

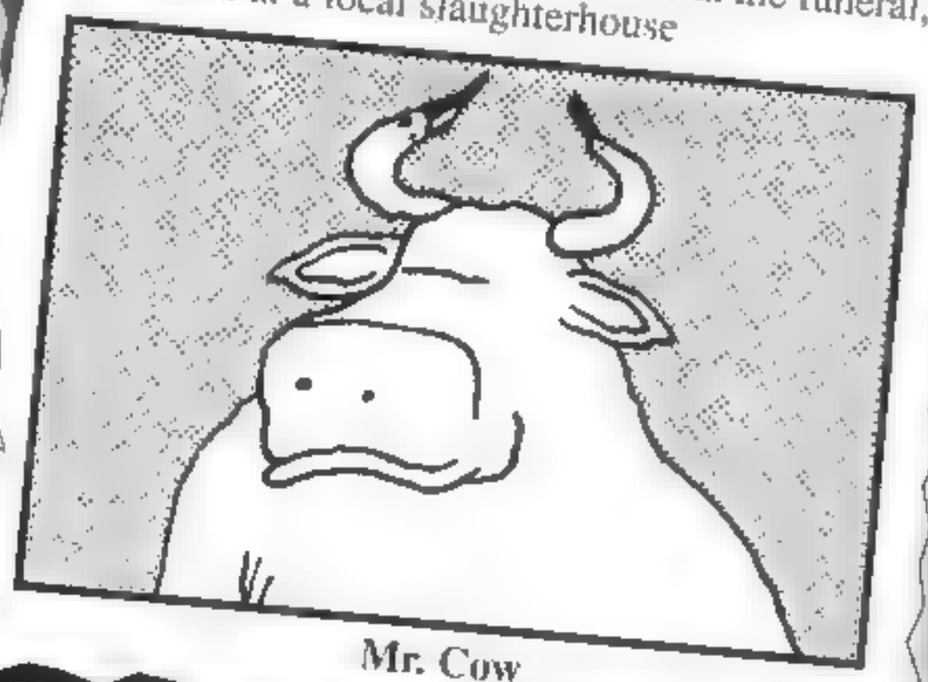
Blondie is survived by her daughter, Cookie, and a son, Alexander. Following a two-day period of mourning, they intend to sue Clairol for $15 million.

"Far Side" Cow Dead At 18

In what is described as a mercy killing, the "Far Side" cow was put to death today. The retired bovine, 18, was suffering from Mad Cow disease.

"We could see it coming," an FDA spokesman said. "Living in a surreal world and possessing all those human traits had given her delusions of grandeur. But after she was put out to pasture with normal cows, she realized she was just one more dumb ungulate in the food chain. This drove her berserk, foaming at the udder, so we had to put her to sleep."

No immediate family members survive. However, two distant cousins, Elsie and Clarabelle, will serve as pallbearers at the funeral, to be held at a local slaughterhouse

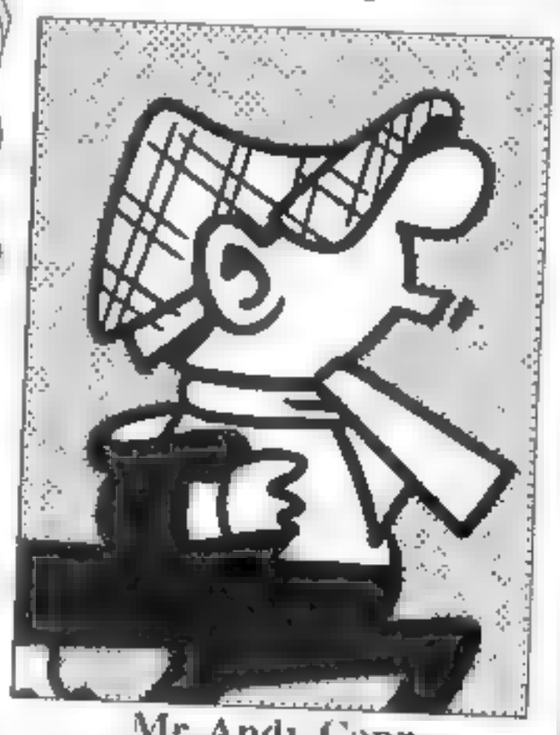


Mr. Cow

Andy Capp Killed By Drunk Driver

Andy Capp, celebrated idler and dirty old man, died instantly last night after being run over by a drunk driver. He was 67.

Capp was crossing the street to an AA meeting when he



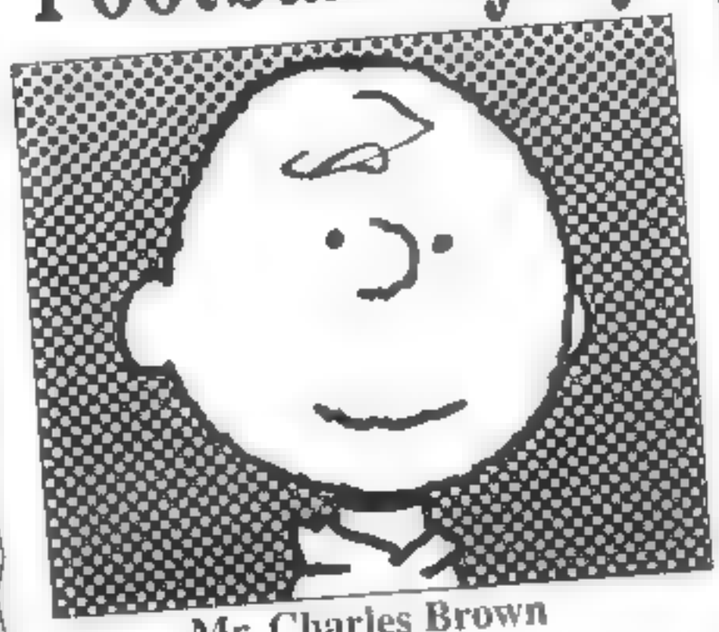
Mr. Andy Capp

was struck by a swerving car driven by his best friend, Chalkie. "I guess he didn't see me coming, what with his cap over his eyes," said Chalkie, who was arrested at the scene. "I'll miss him, but to tell you the truth, he wasn't all that much fun sober."

Capp was a member of several social clubs, including The Spongers Society, the North London Wastrels and Her Majesty's Society of Philanderers. In honor of his death, all London pubs will open one hour earlier.

In accordance with his will, all of Capp's debts are bequeathed to his widow, Flo. His liver will be put on permanent display by the Royal Society.

Charlie Brown Dies Of Football Injury



Mr. Charles Brown

Charlie Brown died today after suffering a broken neck. Brown, 14, fell on his head while attempting to kick a football held by a neighbor, Lucy Van Pelt.

According to eyewitnesses, Van Pelt caused the accident by lifting the football as Brown was preparing to kick it.

Van Pelt, who was also Brown's therapist, refused to take responsibility. "I've played this same dumb trick on Charlie Brown a hundred times," she said. "By now you'd think he'd have caught on. He's got no kick coming."

Per his deathbed request, Brown will be buried with his dog Snoopy, who will be put to sleep to provide companionship in the afterlife.

Funeral services will be private. As in his lifetime, no adults will be permitted.

Waldo, 36, Presumed Dead

Waldo, 36, is missing and presumed dead.

"We gave up looking for him years ago," said a spokesman for a local search team. "In the past we'd scour the earth, but every time we'd find him he'd take off again. Finally, we put his picture on a milk carton and said the hell with it."

Other reactions were mixed.

"It was a case of sibling rivalry," said Carmen Sandiego, a half sister. "Waldo tried to outdo me by hiding in shopping mall crowds and outdoor rock concerts. These had no educational value, so it's no wonder people stopped caring."

"The little deadbeat owed us for 20,000 tasseled caps," said a spokesman for the Acme Headgear Co. "Now we're filing for bankruptcy, thanks to him."

A memorial service for Waldo will be held at 11 a.m. tomorrow at an unspecified location. Those wishing to attend will have to find it for themselves.

Mr. Waldo

Dilbert, 43, Found Dead In Cubicle

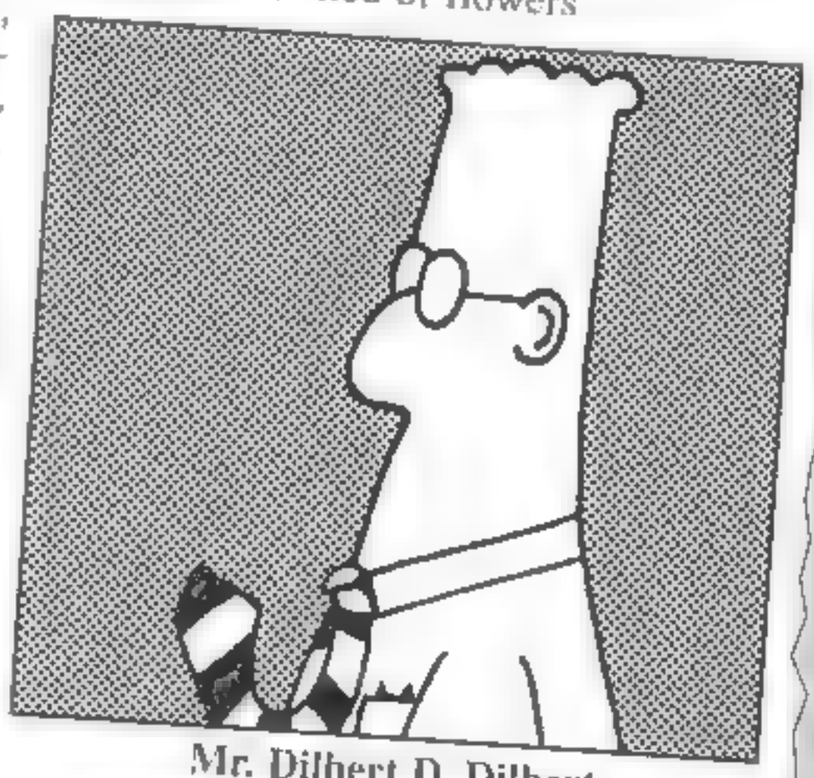
Dilbert D. Dilbert, 43, noted office underling, interfaced with death today. Mortal downsizing was attributed to his suffocation, caused by lack of ventilation in his windowless cubicle.

According to a company spokesman, Dilbert was found slumped over his mouse pad. His e-mail requests for assistance had been sent to several colleagues, but the network server, like Dilbert, was down.

"Dilbert's existence was not a high company priority," the spokesman said. "His departure, for which he had no authorization, will happily have no effect on quarterly earnings. It will, however, cause us to reevaluate his job performance rating."

Dilbert is survived by colleagues Dogbert, Ratbert, and Catbert, none of whom cared to make themselves available for comment.

According to Dilbert's wishes, he will be interred in a coffin with a corner window. Mourners are asked to send memos in lieu of flowers



Mr. Dilbert D. Dilbert

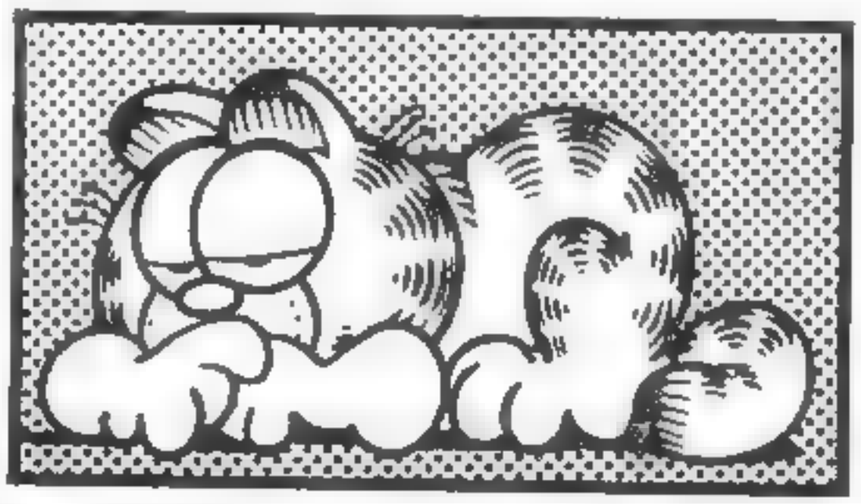
GARFIELD, 19, A BLOATING VICTIM

Garfield the cat, 19, died yesterday of excessive bloating.

"He couldn't control his eating," said his owner Jon Arbuckle. "In the past few months his weight ballooned to over 80 pounds. He'd waddle a couple of steps or so, then collapse from the weight.

An autopsy performed today revealed that Garfield's stomach contained a partly digested pizza, half a chocolate donut, the remains of a carp, three Twinkies and several body parts identified as once belonging to Odie the dog.

Following the funeral, Arbuckle intends to reassemble Garfield's corpse and permanently attach it to the rear window of his car.



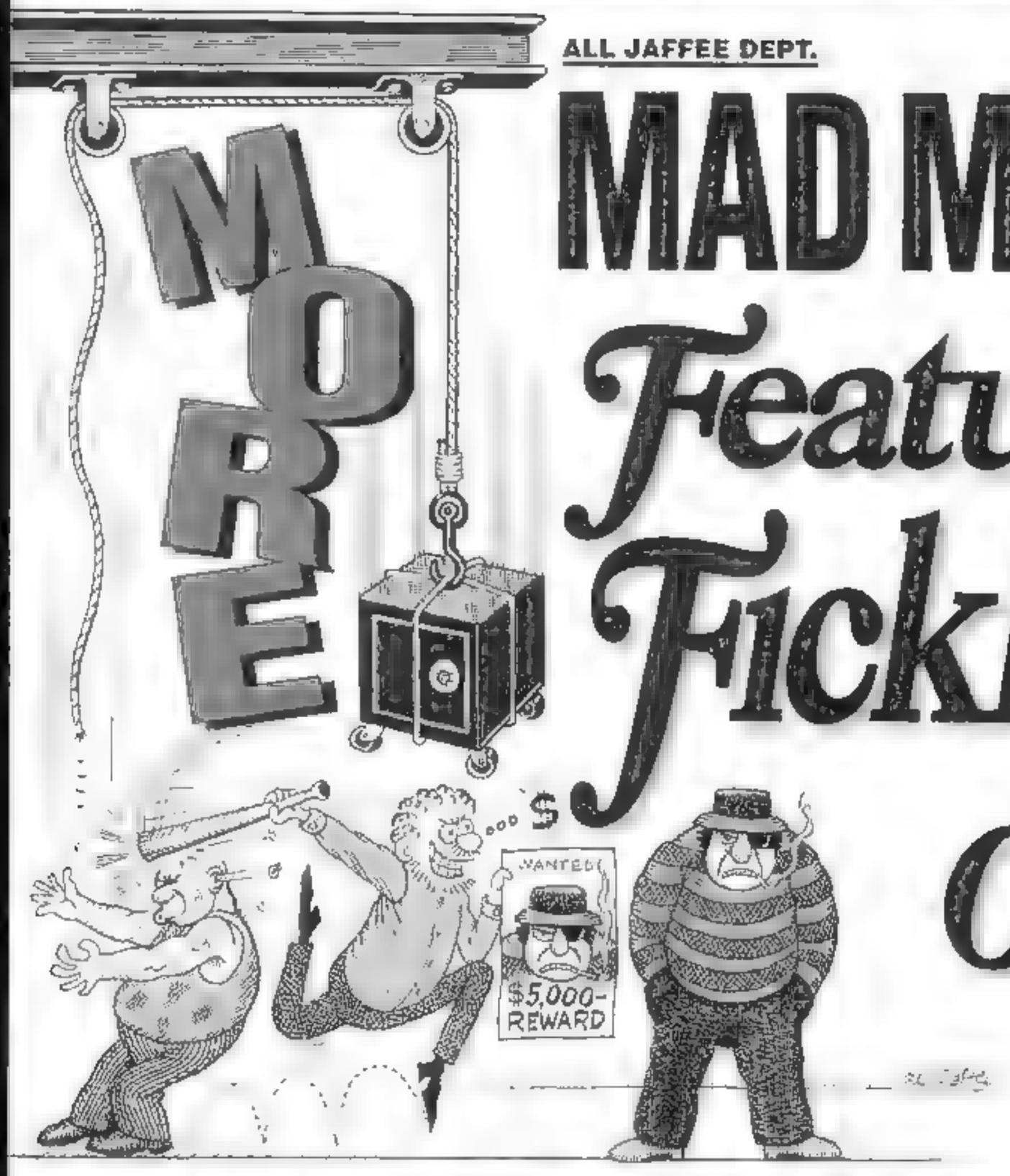
Mr. Garfield

ALL JAFFEE DEPT.

MAD MINI MOVIES

Featuring The Fickle Finger of Fate

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE



BURGLARIES INCREASE
HOME SWEET HOME
HOME SWEET HOME
ZZZZ

SMOKING CAUSES ILLNESS and DEATH
LUNG X RAY
COUGH COUGH
R.I.P. ED SMITH
COUGH COUGH
DANGER GAS LEAK
KA BOOM
R.I.P. ED SMITH

THE MASKED MOUNTIE AND HIS WONDER DOG, BISCUIT

CHAPTER IV
"THE *FALLS* OF DEATH!"

The ROPES boy. . .the ROPES!

NYAH HA HA

Hurry, WONDER DOG! GWENDOLYN is in DANGER!

WAAAAAUUUGHHHHHH!

EEEEAIEE

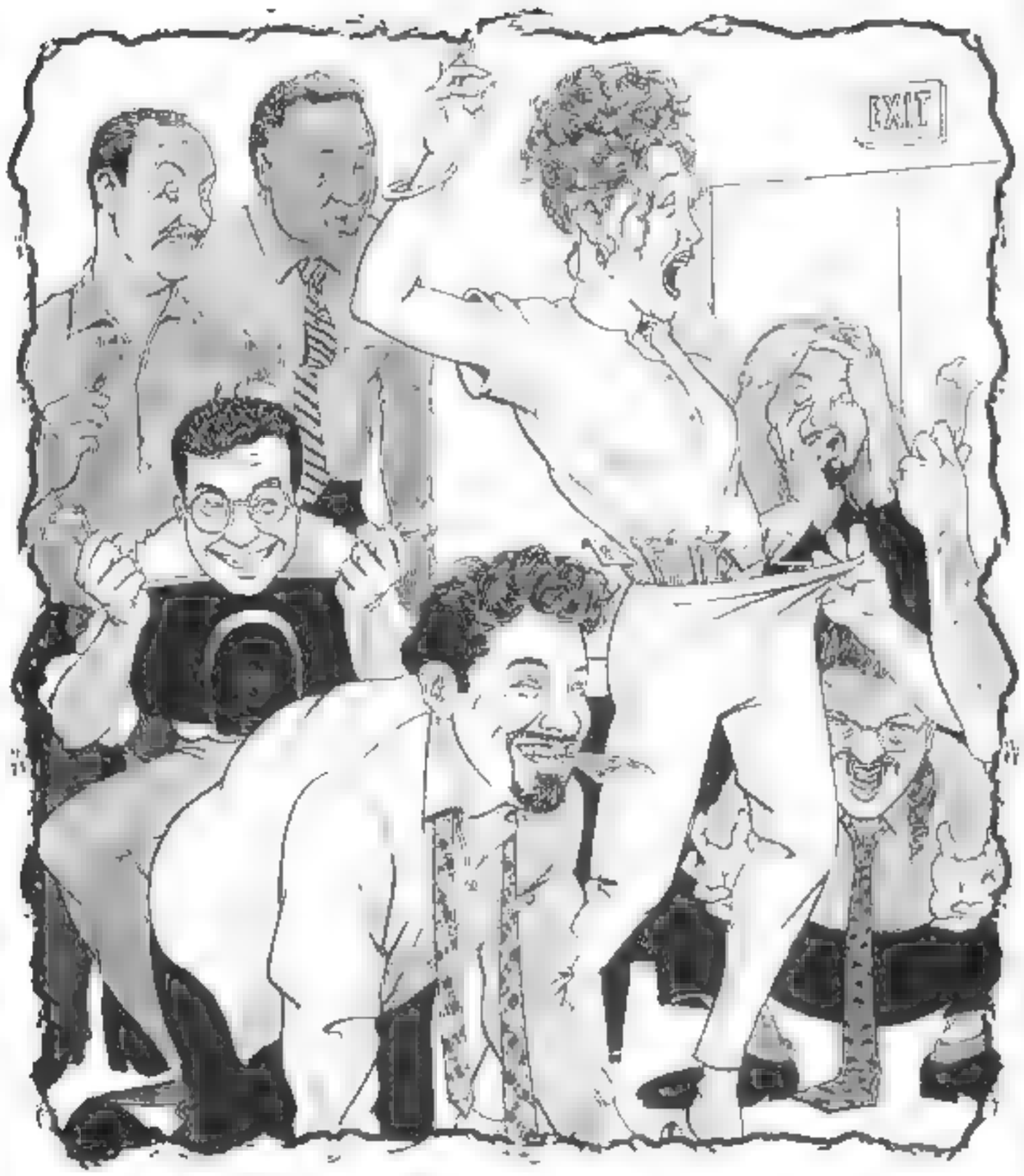
DON'T MISS THE NEXT SEARING EPISODE "SHOOT THAT &@$#%* DOG!"

ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING

Having a tough time at work because of unwanted sexual advances by your employer or co-workers? Not sure you have enough evidence to make a case in court? Well take it from us, sweet pants...

YOU'LL PROBABLY WIN THAT SEXUAL HARASSMENT SUIT IF...

ARTIST: TIMOTHY SHAMEY
WRITER: ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG



You're the only person in the company who gets paid by having dollar bills stuffed into your pants.

When being interviewed by investigators your boss continually refers to you as "that piece of ass over in accounting."

Promotions are always based on the results of staff wet T-shirt contests.

Your boss always calls you into his office to lick the envelopes on his outgoing mail.

You'll Probably Win That Se

When showing you how to operate the new computer, your supervisor tells you the mouse is in his trousers.

Your voice-mail message, "Hi, this is Liz, I'm tied up right now," is meant to be taken literally.

The only comment on your employee evaluation is "must wear shorter skirts, tighter sweaters."

The company vice president decides to perform your annual physical himself.

XUAL HARASSMENT SUIT IF...

Instead of docking your pay for being late, you're given the option of a spanking.

The personal computer password assigned to you is "JUGGS."

US HEALTHSCARE HEALTHPHONE

Since
provi
be su
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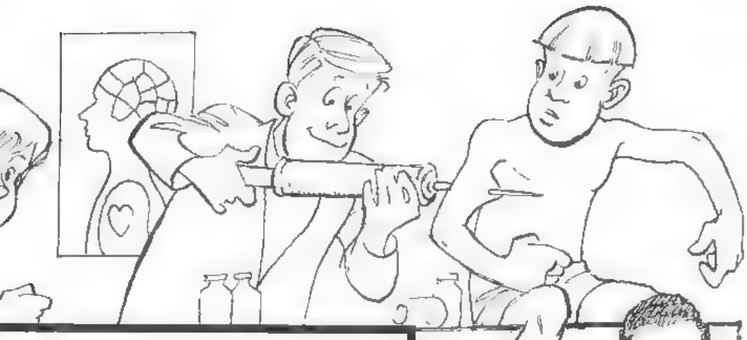
voice
you r
for y

**Phone! Simply dial 1-800-NO
four-digit Disease Code liste
directory might connect you**

**Thanks to US HealthScare's H
deal with those hassles and fr
on you! Say goodbye to annoy
tations and personal attention**

AFFLICTION	EXTENSION
All-Cholesterol Diet	9968
Athlete's Footballs	9969
Bad Karma	1940
Big Toe Demagoguery	1941
Bird In The Hand	1942
Bloody Sweat	1943
Bowling Balls	1944
Charles De Gaulle Bladder Syndrome	1893
Clay Feet	1894
Compulsive E-Mail Disorder	1895
Cooties	1896
Crotch Rot	1897
Crouton Addiction	1898
Déjà Vu	3535
Déjà Vu	3535
Disco Fever	3536
Don Rickets	3537
Dormant Tongue	3538
Excessive Wedgie Chafing	1994
False Insomnia	1963
Federal, State and Local Anesthesia	1964
Fetal Position Lock	1965
5/4 Time Heartbeat	1966
Flop Sweat	1967
Fungus Amungus	1968
Garlic Overdose	3333
Hairy Eyeball	7890
Hairy Uvula	7891
Hamstrings Restrung	7892
Head Lice-A-Roni	7893
Heaving Goiter	7894
Heebie Jeebies	7895
Honky Tonk Blues	7896
Hyperactive Saliva	7897
Involuntary Nipple Movement	2751
Inability To Wake Up	2752
Inflammation of the Dipthong	2753

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: BUTCH D'AMBROSIO



1995, US HealthScare has been
ding health coverage that can't
urpassed. We have the largest
ork of pre-recorded physicians'
s to assist you with any ailment
may have. And we make it easy
ou to reach them with Health-
-CARE, enter the appropriate
d below and our automated
to the message of your choice!

lealthPhone you no longer have to
rustrations that other HMOs force
ing office visits, one-on-one consul-
from a board-certified physician!

AFFLICTION	EXTENSION
Itchy Teeth	9712
Jelly Belly	5151
Lazy Thigh	1313
Lower Body Dwarfism	1314
Lumpy Jaw	1315
Mid-Life Teething	1001
My Left Foot	1002
Neck Tourniquets	2011
Non-Sexual Drooling	2012
Nostril Arrogance	2013
Off-Key Knuckle Cracking	7839
Pain in the Ass	8218
Peter Lupus Syndrome	8219
Phelps Screwdriver Lodged in Forehead	8220
Piano Legs	8221
Prenatal Baldness	8222
Proceeding Hairline	8223
Putty Neck	8224
Reverse Diarrhea	4567
Roaming Eyelash	4568
Rocking Pneumonia & the Boogie Woogie Flu	4569
Sewer Mouth	9478
Smoked Buttocks	9479
Spaghetti on the Knee	9480
Stinkeye	9481
Stuttering Navel	9482
Surviving Euthanasia	9483
Talking Ankle	8764
Testicular Disagreement	8765
Thunder Thighs	8766
Tin Ear	8767
Tongue-Tied	8768
Topsy Scurvy	8769
Ugly Infant Syndrome	5434
Uncommon Cold	5435
Verbal Diarrhea	7868
Yeasty Beasties	4278

I appreciate you **kids** all chipping in and **buying** me this whole **computer system,** but the trouble is I **don't know** how to **use it!**
DAD
Believe me, Dad, it's **easy!** All you have to do is take the **modem card,** install it in the proper **SCSI port...**
..make sure you're **hooked up** to an **analog phone line,** or get a **digital converter...**
...and before **you know** it you'll be using your **28.8** to **e-mail, surf the Net,** generate documents in **HTML...**
...it'll **simplify** your **whole life!**
53

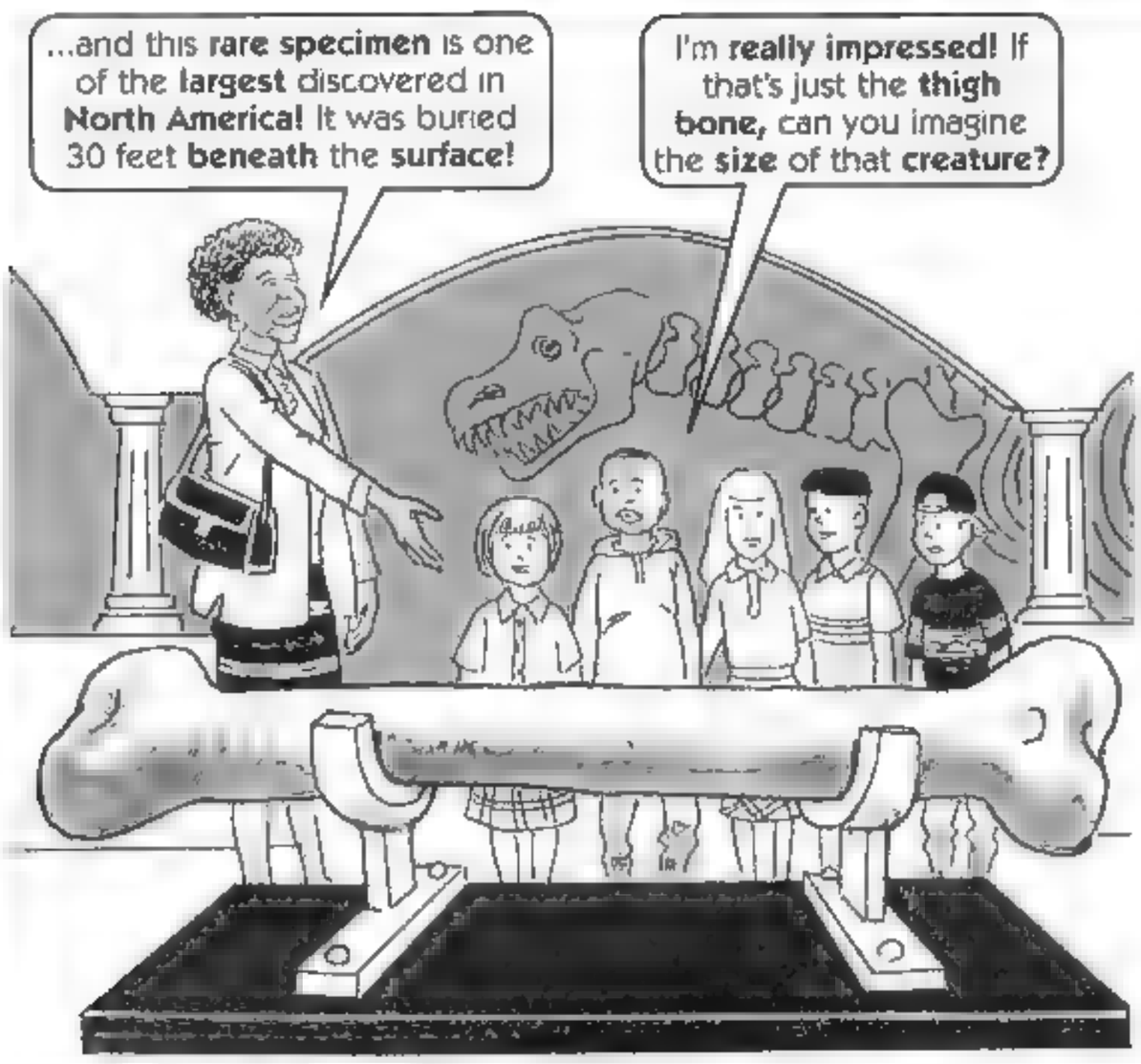
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

AUTOMATION

No doubt about it, for me the **ATM machine** is the **greatest invention** ever!
You mean because it makes it **faster** and **easier** for people who **use it?**
No, my friend .
. .because it makes it **faster** and **easier** for me to **rob** the people who **use it!**

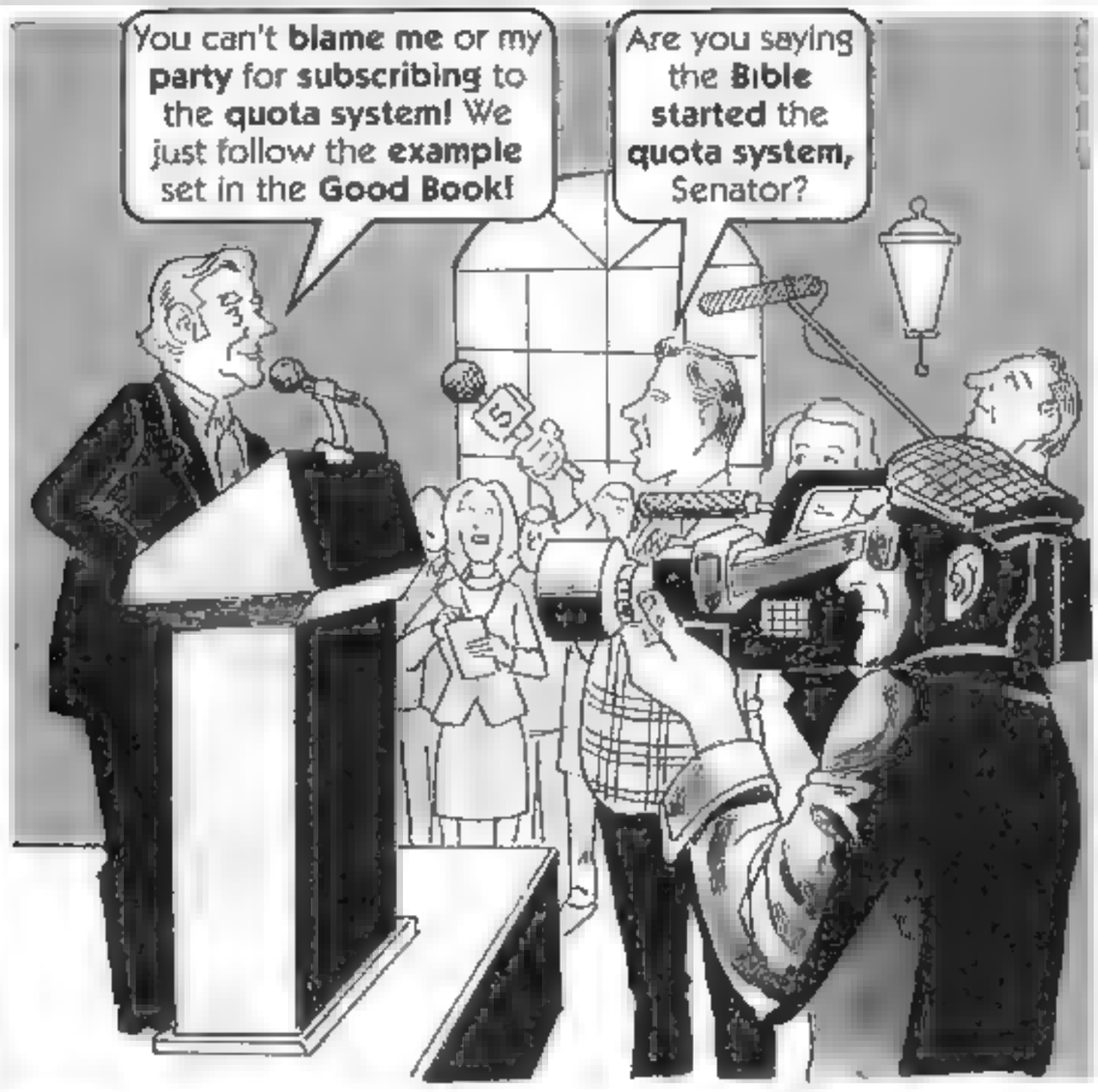
EXPERTISE

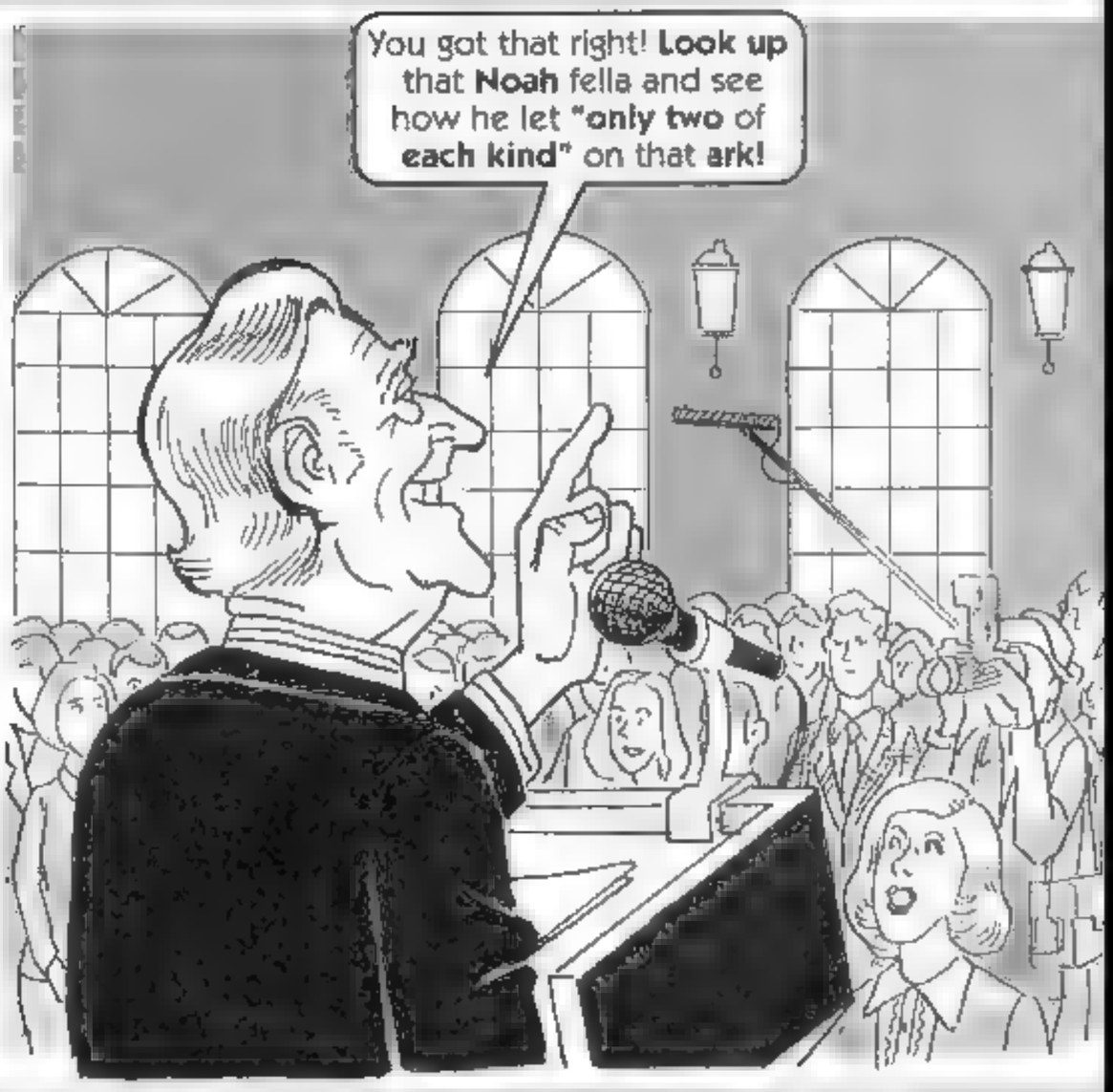

...and this **rare specimen** is one of the **largest** discovered in **North America!** It was buried 30 feet **beneath** the **surface!**
I'm **really impressed!** If that's just the **thigh bone,** can you imagine the **size** of that **creature?**

R SIDE OF...

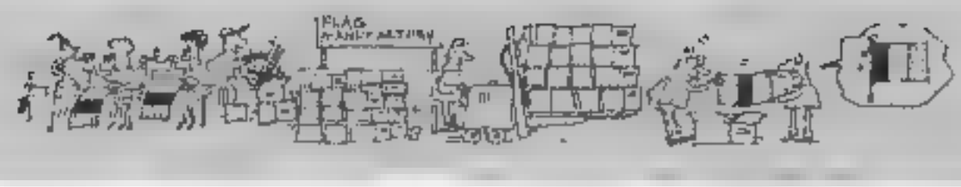
ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

POLITICS


You can't **blame me** or my **party** for **subscribing** to the **quota system!** We just follow the **example** set in the **Good Book!**
Are you saying the **Bible started** the **quota system,** Senator?

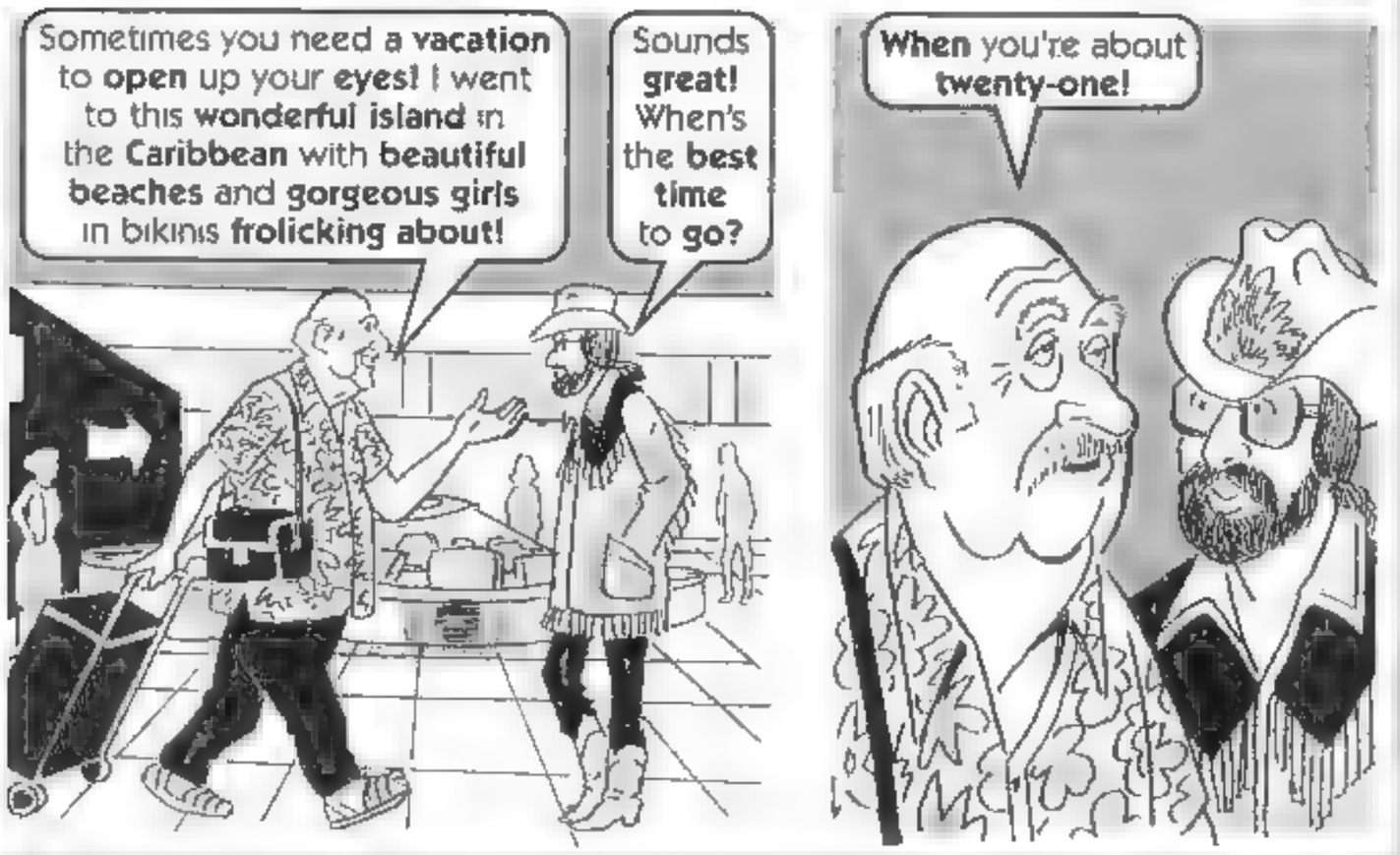


SENTIMENT



May I suggest a **diamond** for your **girlfriend?** Whether the gift is a **ring,** a **bracelet,** or a **necklace,** it's important to remember, **"A diamond is forever"!**
True! But the **girlfriend may not be!**

PHILOSOPHY


Sometimes you need a **vacation** to **open** up your **eyes!** I went to this **wonderful island** in the **Caribbean** with **beautiful beaches** and **gorgeous girls** in bikinis **frolicking about!**
Sounds **great!** When's the **best time** to **go?**
When you're about **twenty-one!**

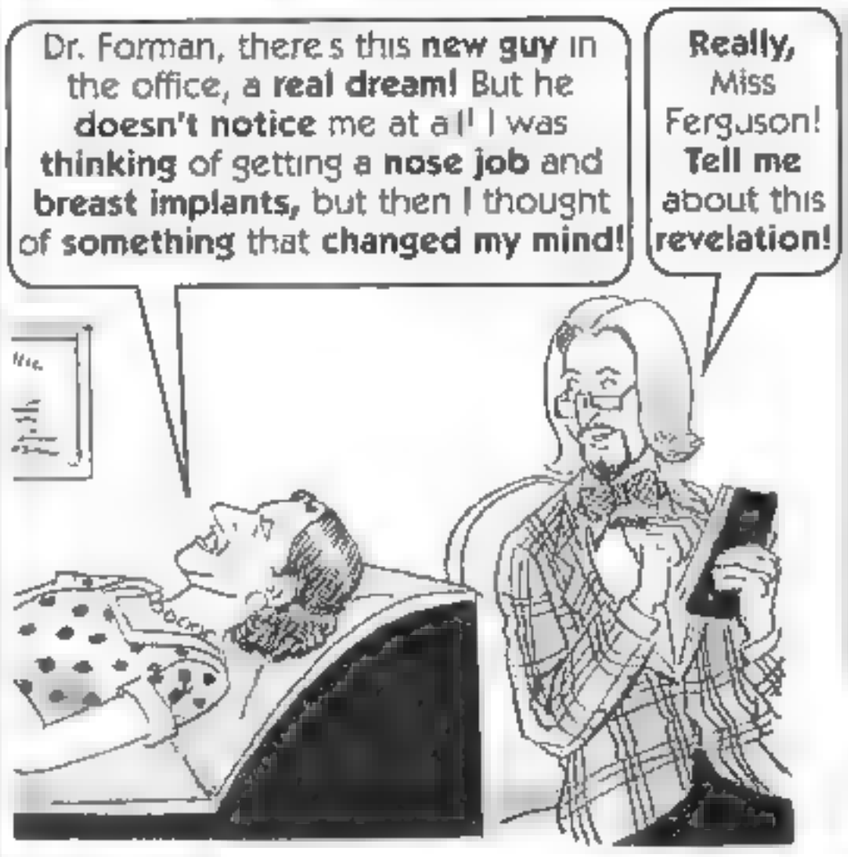
BUSINESS

MEMORY

SCHOOL ELECTIONS

I think I made a **big mistake** running for **class president!** Maybe my opponent will **dig up** some **dirt** in my **past** and **expose me** to everyone!
SIMON KING FOR SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT
What might he **find out?**

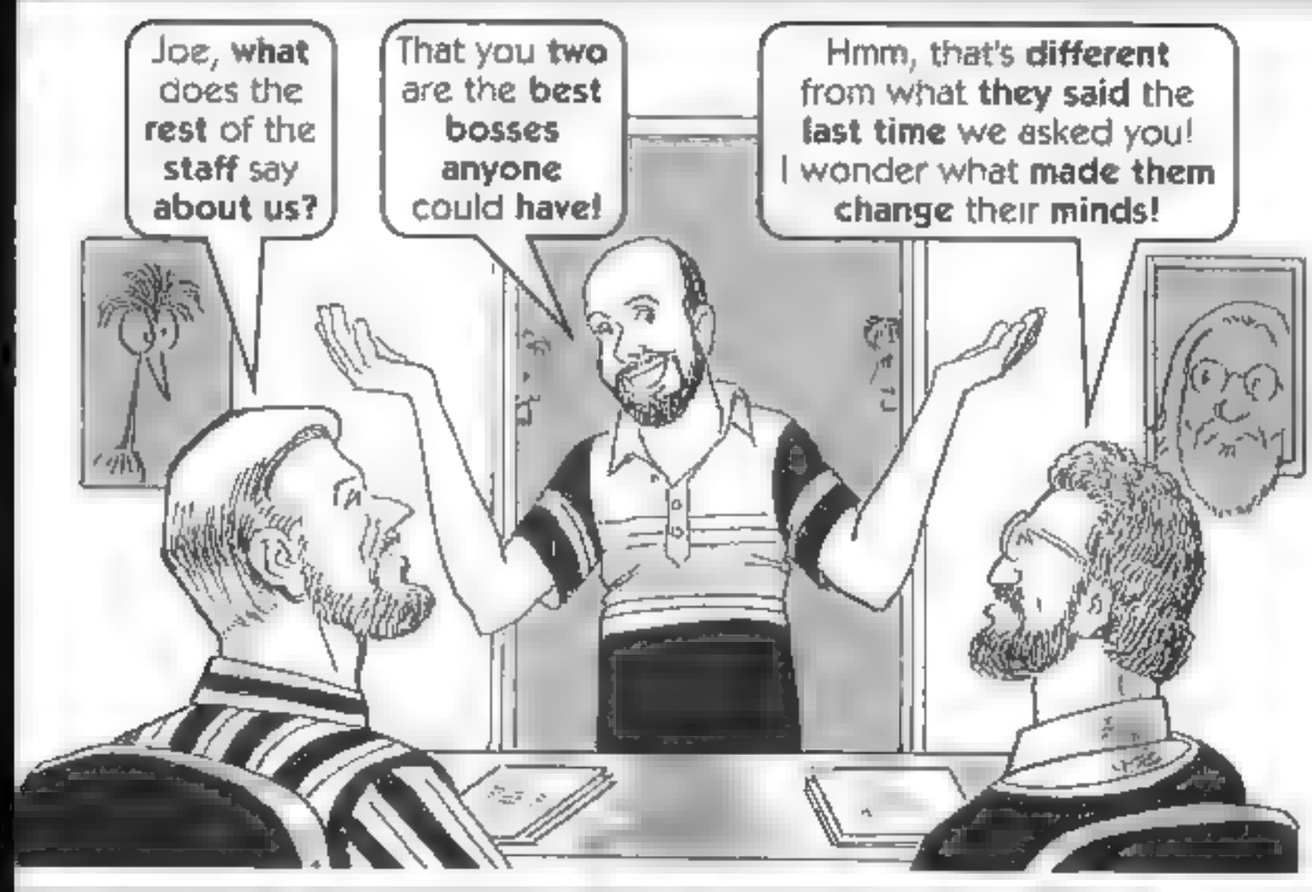
THERAPY


Dr. Forman, there's this **new guy** in the office, a **real dream!** But he **doesn't notice** me at all! I was **thinking** of getting a **nose job** and **breast implants,** but then I thought of **something** that **changed my mind!**
Really, Miss Ferguson! **Tell me** about this **revelation!**

EXTREMISM

Can you **beat that,** Hank? After we went through **all that trouble** making a **pipe bomb** and **planting it** where it would do the **most damage** and get us the **most publicity,** some other **lousy organization** claimed the **credit for it!**

THE OFFICE


Joe, **what** does the **rest** of the **staff** say **about us?**
That you **two** are the **best bosses anyone** could **have!**
Hmm, that's **different** from what **they said** the **last time** we asked you! I wonder what **made them change** their **minds!**

CONCERN

DOCTORS

If we're to believe television shows like *The X-Files*, our planet is now routinely visited by creatures from outer space. Personally, we think it's all a bunch of BS. We mean, c'mon, *The X-Files* is on Fox. Nothing on that network is worth a second thought! But for the sake of argument, and to fill up another three pages in this issue, we're willing to play along with this little sci-fi charade. Here's what to expect in the upcoming months and years...

NOW THAT THE ALIENS HAVE LANDED...

Police departments will be flooded with reports of alien street gang fly-by laser blastings

NOW THAT THE ALIENS HAVE LANDED...

There ll be porno movies that will make you puke

Road kill removal will become a much bigger problem

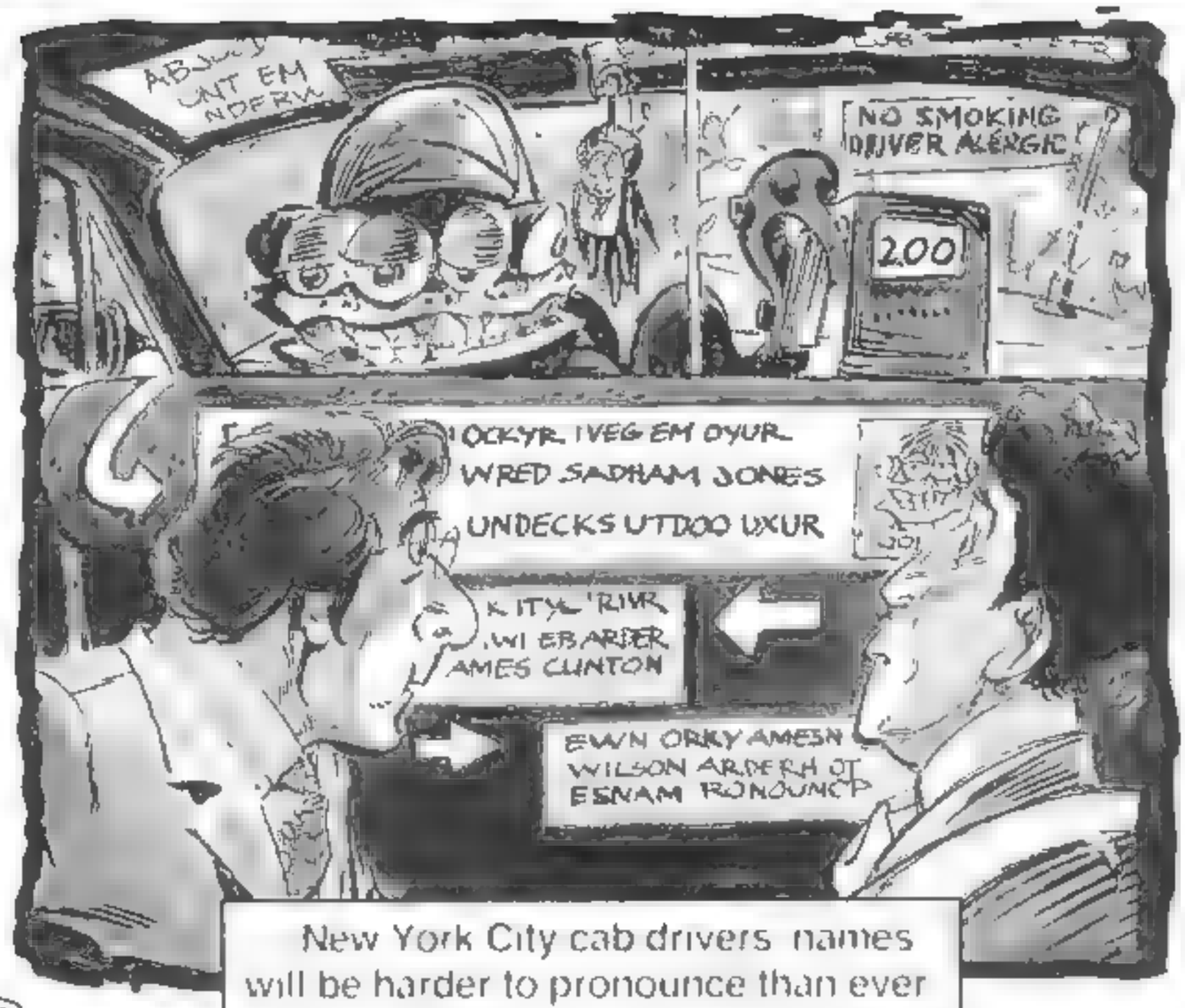
Expect Sylvester Stallone to rush out a Rocky movie to end all Rocky movies

Our nation s roadways will have a new obscene driving gesture – The Tentacle

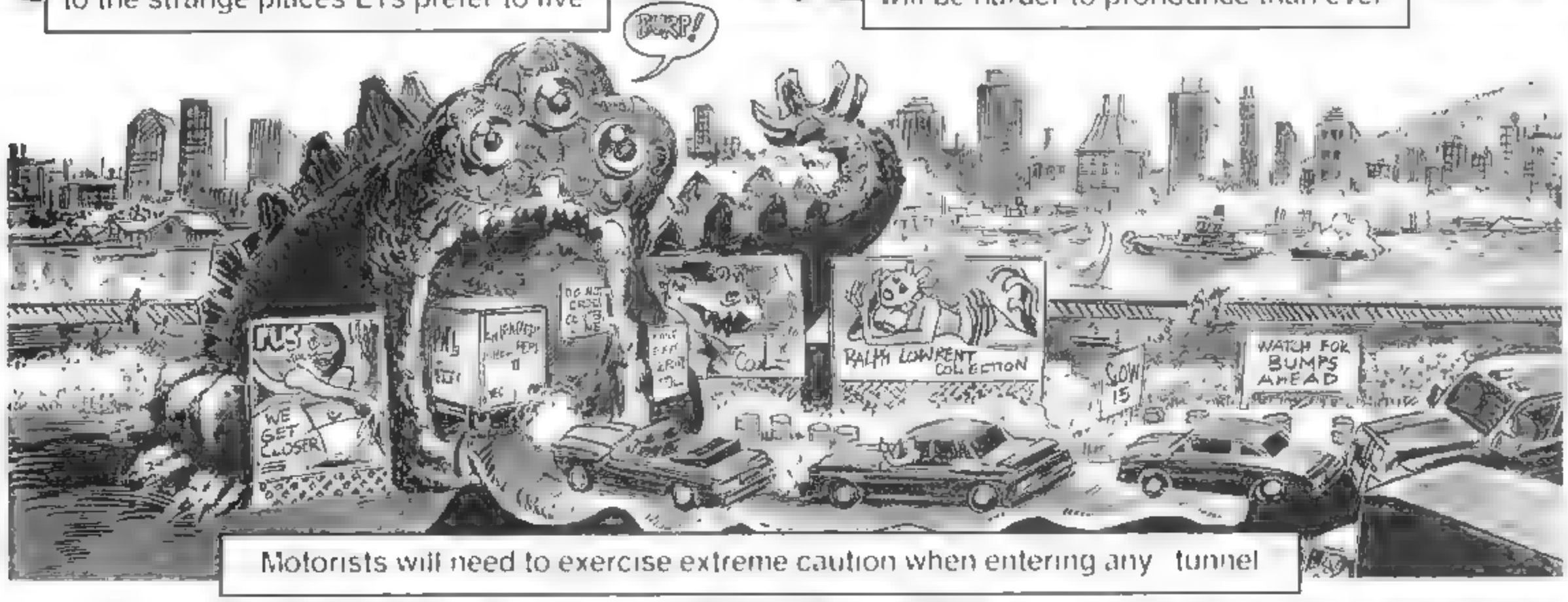
FWUPP!

Look for Congress to quickly pass some new, easy abortion laws – now that men can get pregnant

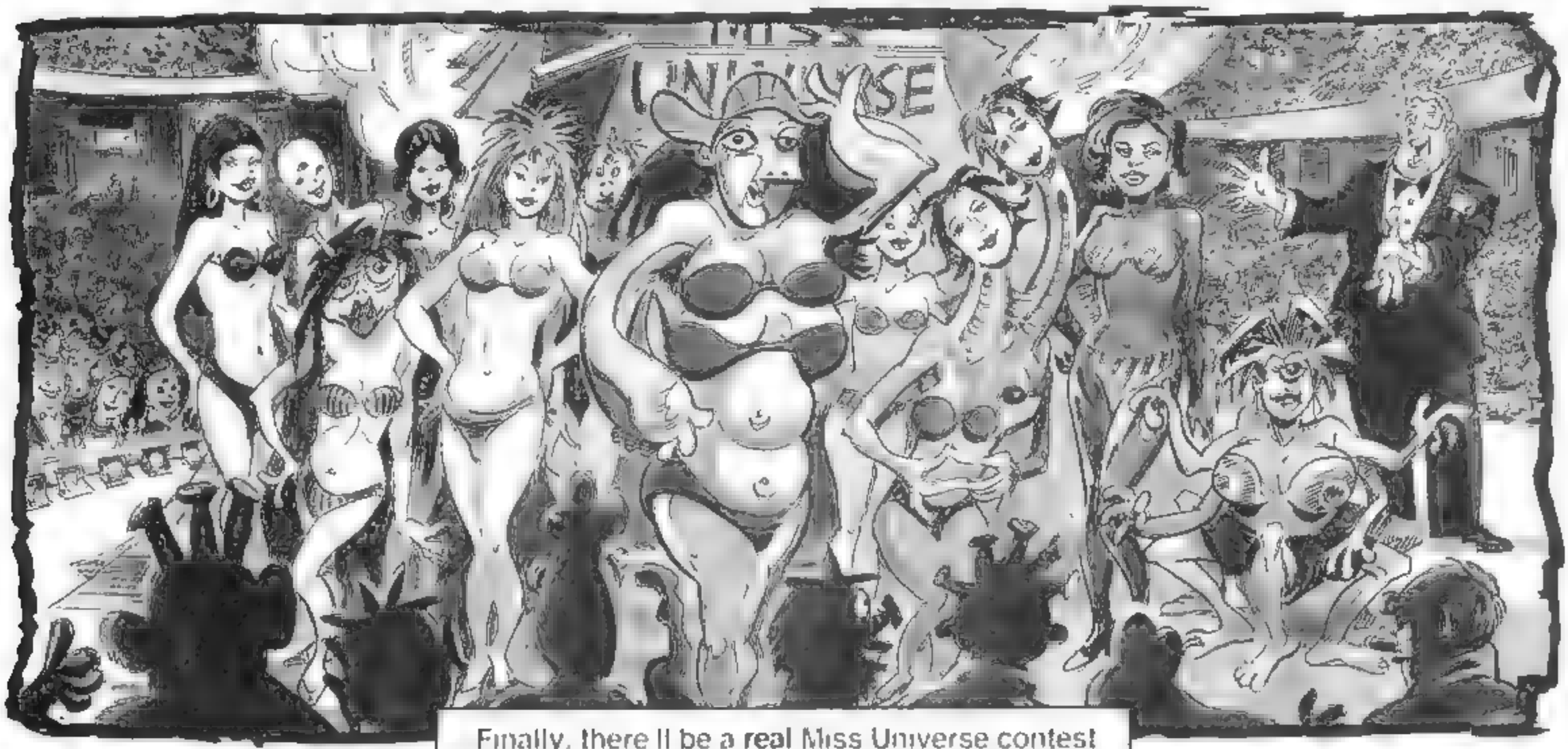
Some may find it difficult to get used to the strange places ETs prefer to live



New York City cab drivers names will be harder to pronounce than ever



Motorists will need to exercise extreme caution when entering any tunnel

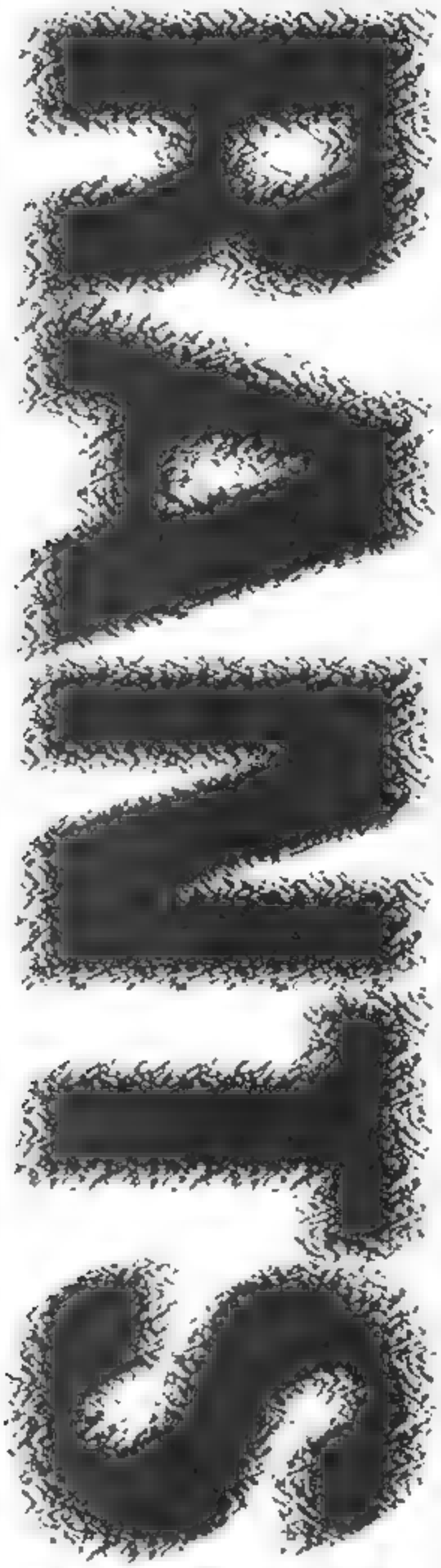


Finally, there ll be a **real** Miss Universe contest

EVERYBODY WANTS TO FOOL THE WORLD DEPT.

Okay MAD fans, Get out your dictionary and your guide to obscure references, 'cause it's time...

DENNIS MILLER

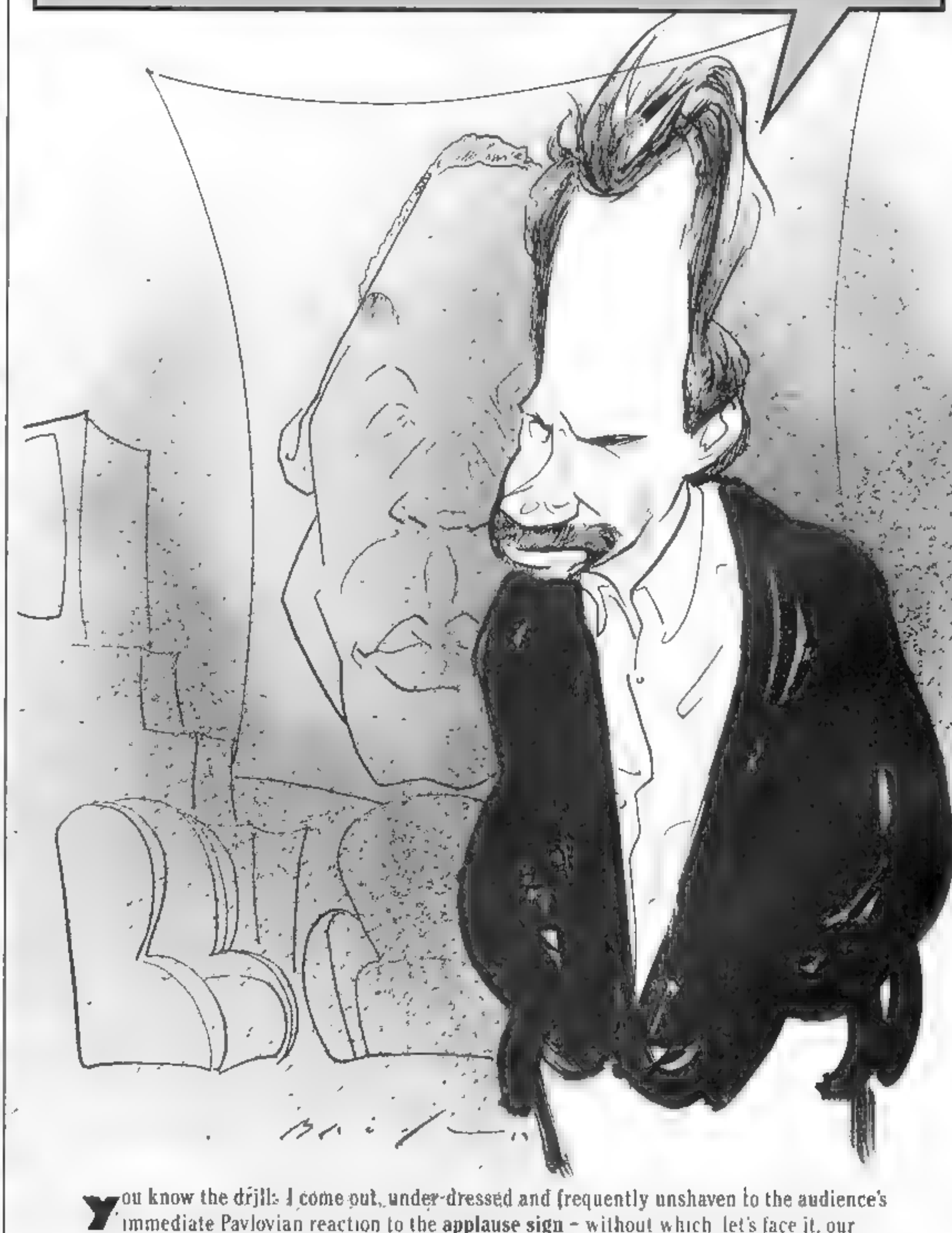


IS

ABOUT

DENNIS MILLER

I don't want to get off on a **rant** here, but **what's the story** with my show? It's on Fridays and rerun on Sundays, when the title *Dennis Miller Live* becomes an **ironic mockery** of itself, though I do get a **kick** out of hearing how many viewers with an **IQ** equal to **Rush Limbaugh's** score on the balance beam compulsories **still** try to call and talk to us when we're just a reel of spinning tape on HBO's big video machine.



You know the drill: I come out, under-dressed and frequently unshaven to the audience's immediate Pavlovian reaction to the **applause sign** – without which let's face it, our talk shows would be little more than a young **Martin Short** in his attic with a tape recorder. Yeah, the applause sign. If it wasn't here, our performer egos would be bruised more than a peach manhandled by **O.J.** in one of his flashback moods. That's something else I do: no matter how **tenuous** the connection, I always mention **The Juice** at least once a show so I can say, "You're a bad, bad man, O.J. A bad, bad, bad, bad man." Why? Because, it kills, which is, in itself, a semi-quasi joke if you really **ratchet up the magnification** on that petri dish I call my sense of humor.

ARTIST: STEVE BRODNER WRITER: BUTCH D'AMBROSIO

Next, I'm arrogant enough to suggest that I can tell you **"who fed it and who ate it."** In reality, I'll be carpet bombing you with payloads of big SAT words like **"zeitgeist"** and a fix of minutiae as **fabulously obscure** as the chick who sings the song on the radio in Pulp Fiction before **Bruce Willis** meets **The Gimp.** Truth be told, by the end of the show you still don't know who fed it and who ate it. I'm just espousing my pragmatic, utilitarian ideas and you're buying them like coke fiends buy tissues. You're running with the **bull#$%*** because between all the big words like "pragmatism" and "utilitarianism," I say stuff like **bull#$%*.** I swear so much because, frankly, I want viewers, and I'm hoping some people might haphazardly channel-surf onto my program and think it's an all-white episode of Def Comedy Jam. Besides, it's in my contract, Babe.

And what's the deal with my **bottled water?** Seems like I'm sipping it, slugging it, or otherwise chugging it for a full 3 minutes out of every 28-minute show! Am I so busy I can't stop by the water cooler before I go on? Now, I don't want to get off on a diatribe here – you kids thought I was going to say **"rant,"** didn't you? Yeah, I know, a routine is called a "routine" for a reason. Ah hahaha! But the fact is I'm already in a rant, and if I started another one, I'd probably be breaking some **obscure metaphysical law** and wind up **dissolving** into myself like **Ron Silver** did near the end of *Timecop.*

Sure, all our bodies have more water in them than a mixed drink at the **Viper Room** – Deppy, baby, it's just a joke – but the fact is bottled water has become the **whiskey flask** of the boomer generation. And, I myself admit that I am one of the greatest practitioners of this self-induced, self-important anti-tap water **paranoia,** this belief that without a plastic bottle of that sparkling mineral mountain stream ménage à trois of Hydrogen and Oxygen known as **l'acqua,** you're nothing in everybody else's eyes. As **Freud** said, "Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, but eight ounces of Evian is my way of showing you I'm well off enough to plunk down a buck twenty-five for each cool, clear, refreshing swig of put-out-the-fire water I swallow." **Besides,** each sip I take is one less joke we have to write!

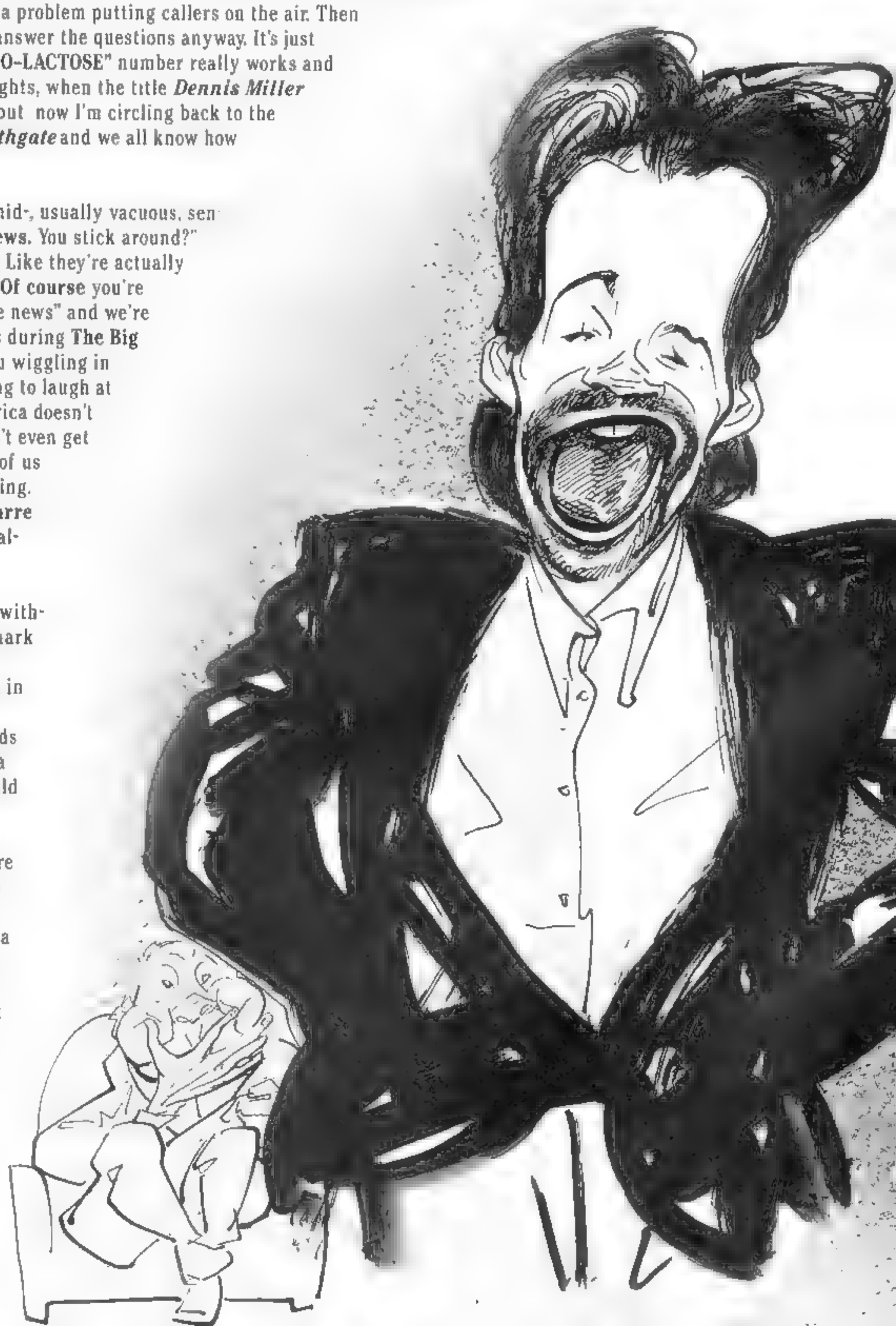
After I finish the **"rant"** portion of the show I stand there, self-conciously shaking my head only slightly less than Dana Carvey's impression of me. Speaking of **the Carveymeister,** most nights my "special guest" is invariably one of my **old SNL buddies.** Like **Chris Farley.** I thank him for coming on and using my show to plug his new "road picture" with the Spadester. Or **David Spade.** I thank him for coming on and using my show to plug the remake of his previous "road picture" with the Farleycane. Farley, man! He's one funny, fat bastard, and I always loved watching him sweat over at 30 Rock. I love those guys. **I really do.** Actually, I have to say that because I'm beholden to **Lorne Michaels** to have someone from every one of his little SNL spinoff projects on to **shill away,** because they say I copped his **"Weekend Update"** and turned it into my **"Big Screen."** Which is absolutely not true. There I sat behind a desk. Here I stand in front of a big TV!

Then, I ask you, why do we **always** do the next part of the show exactly the same way when it never works? You know: after a couple of minutes of trying to talk to my guest about the week's "topic," which is only slightly more difficult than **Sisyphus** trying to get that stone up the hill, what do we do? Go to callers. Here's what it sounds like – "Okay, we got a caller. Line 2. Culvin Mushnick, watching in Fresno. How you doing out there in Fresno tonight, Culv? They still got that great little rib joint, Slimbo's, there? Great #$&*ing carrion for the carnivores." "I'm fine, Dennis. I just wanted to say I love your show and –" "**What's your $#%@ing question, Culvin?**" "I think you're the funniest, most intelligent person on TV and –" "Hey, so do I, now, what's your question?" "(Crackle crackle) thinks if (fuzz crackle) euthanasia (crackle click)–" "Culv, you out there? What happened? Did you hear what he said? What can we do for you, Culvin? Smack your parents for making the 'A' a 'U'?"

That's what always happens with the callers. For Chrissake, I'm **ruder** to these people than I am to the telemarketer who wakes me up at 7:30 a.m. to ask if I want to order a Rumbaflex 2000. We have **yet** to have a show without a problem putting callers on the air. Then again, why should I care – I never answer the questions anyway. It's just another gimmick to prove our **"1-800-LACTOSE"** number really works and that we're live, except on Sunday nights, when the title ***Dennis Miller Live*** becomes an **ironic mockery** – but now I'm circling back to the beginning, like the plot of ***Billy Bathgate*** and we all know how **that** tune goes.

So then I interrupt my guest, in mid-, usually vacuous, sentence, with **"I'm gonna do the news. You stick around?"** Like they're going to go somewhere. Like they're actually going to say "no," get up, and leave. **Of course** you're going to stick around while I "do the news" and we're going to cut to you at various points during **The Big Screen** and we're going to watch you wiggling in your chair, like **Babe** at a luau, trying to laugh at some vicious joke that 80 % of America doesn't understand. Guess what, folks, I don't even get all my references. That's why eight of us accepted the Emmy we won for writing. Hell, I'm just a lightning rod for **bizarre connections**, some sort of Referential-channeling **Shirley Maclaine.**

Vicious jokes – I wouldn't be me without them, eh? They're the hallmark of **The Big Screen.** How do they go? Like this – Got a picture of Gingrich in a classroom? I got a standard **Gingrich joke:** "A group of school kids asked Newt Gingrich if he could be a dinosaur, what kind of dinosaur would he be? It doesn't matter, cause, at least, he'd be dead!" And, there's another minute of show! Got a picture of Bob Dole? I got the required "Bob Dole is old" joke: "You know, I was reading the Bible the other day, like a good cynical Christian, and I turned to the title page. It said 'The Bible **Copyright Bob Dole.**'" It doesn't get laughs? I got the spontaneous save: "Whoa, **Eddie,** I told you that one was more of a clunker than Roscoe's car after chasing the Duke boys." And there we have the satirically pointed "Bob Dole is old" joke and the "Bob Dole is old" joke save. Whoa! A minute thirty! Got a picture of **Bill Clinton** in a contemplative pose?



Okay "The President takes a moment to himself and dreams of the day when re-election is based on **Biggie Fries consumption.**" Look, I don't want to say my topical assault targets are repetitious, but the joke-writing half of my brain has **carpal tunnel syndrome** from slamming the **same six people** every show.

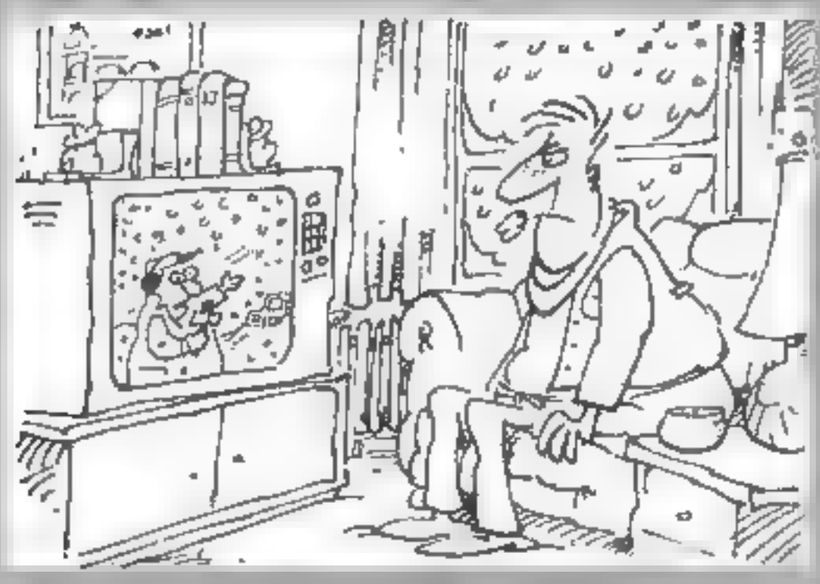
Is **Boris Yeltsin** really a drunk? He is according to me. Is **Al D'Amato** really an example of "the pot calling the kettle black and then chairing a committee to prove it"? Well, he is, and he's also stupid, but, if you watch weekly, you should know that. So, who else? Let's see, I tend to bash **Janet Reno** a good deal for being ugly. How someone who does shows about the decline of kindness, compassion and civility in society can destroy some chick for the way she looks, and then schedule a show about **hypocrisy** a week later, I don't know. But I do know, when it comes to Janet Reno, we need a good she-man joke. "Janet Reno called for a further toughening of regulations on television violence again, after a man was beaten to death in Cleveland with a TV. Now if she'd only pick up the phone and call the one guy who was interested in her in 1976."

And that's pretty much the end of the show. It's not much, but it sure feels good knowing that my **cheap** laughs are most comedian's **cerebral** ones and that I can get both kinds, just by alternately philosophizing like a Mensa member deep in contemplation and cursing like a Mensa member cut off on the highway by some truck with the bumper sticker, "My Kid Beats Up Your Honor Student."

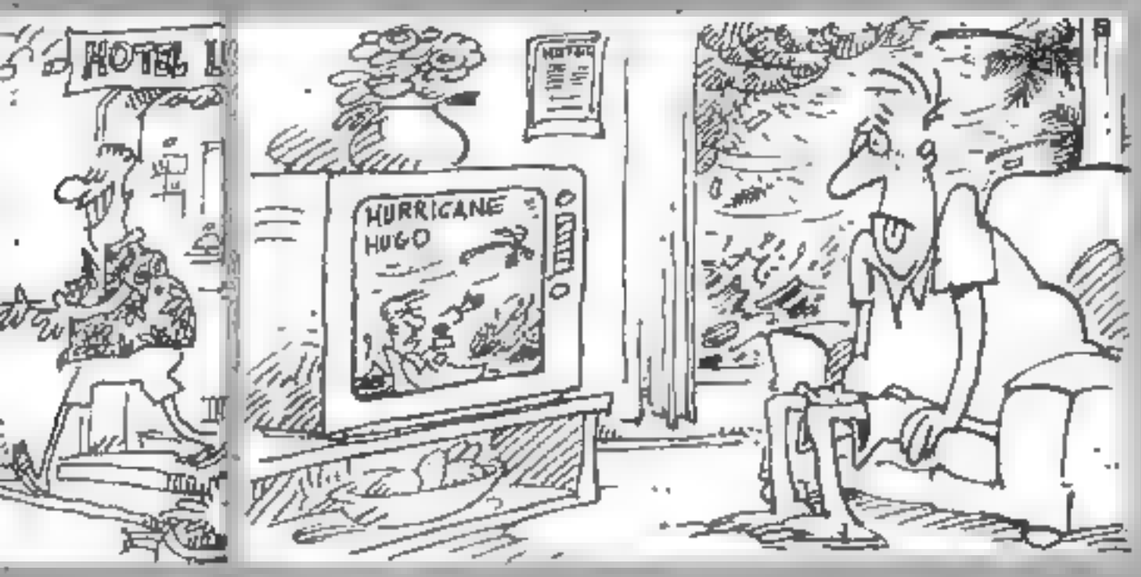
Of course, that's **just my opinion.** I could be wrong, but it's my show, so I'm not. Just remember to take my opinion for what it is: **filler** until the next HBO Original Movie comes on. Oh, and let me correct something I said earlier: By the end of my show you **do know who fed it and who ate it**...Do I have to spell it out for you, Cha-Cha? Besides, I can curse. It's *&@%$ cool. That's the article and **I am outta here!**

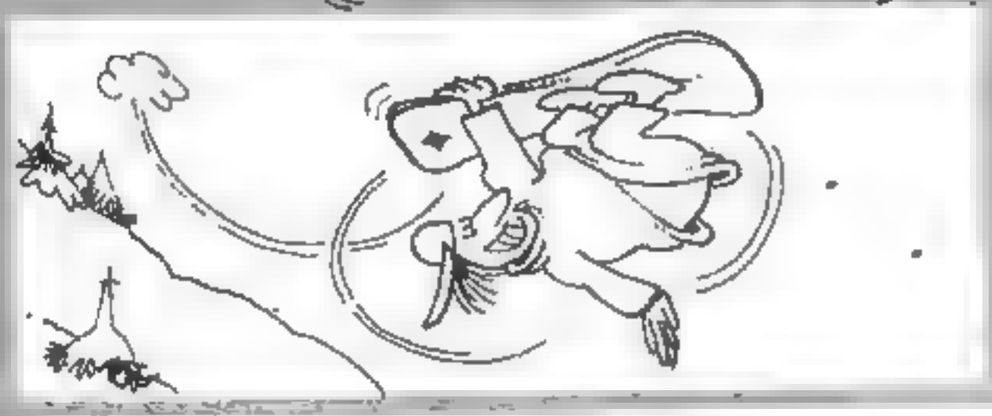
A MAD LOOK AT WIN

ARTIST AND WRITER SERGIO ARAGONES

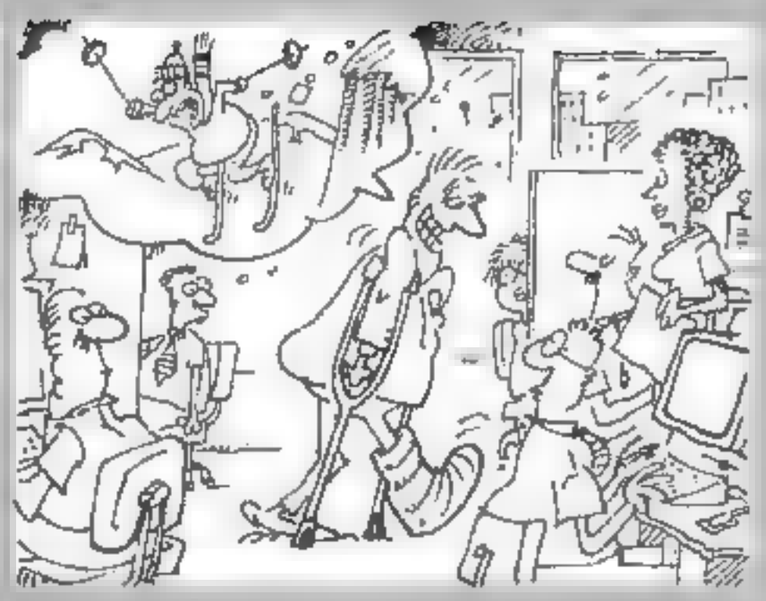


TER VACATIONS





TRAVEL AGENCY

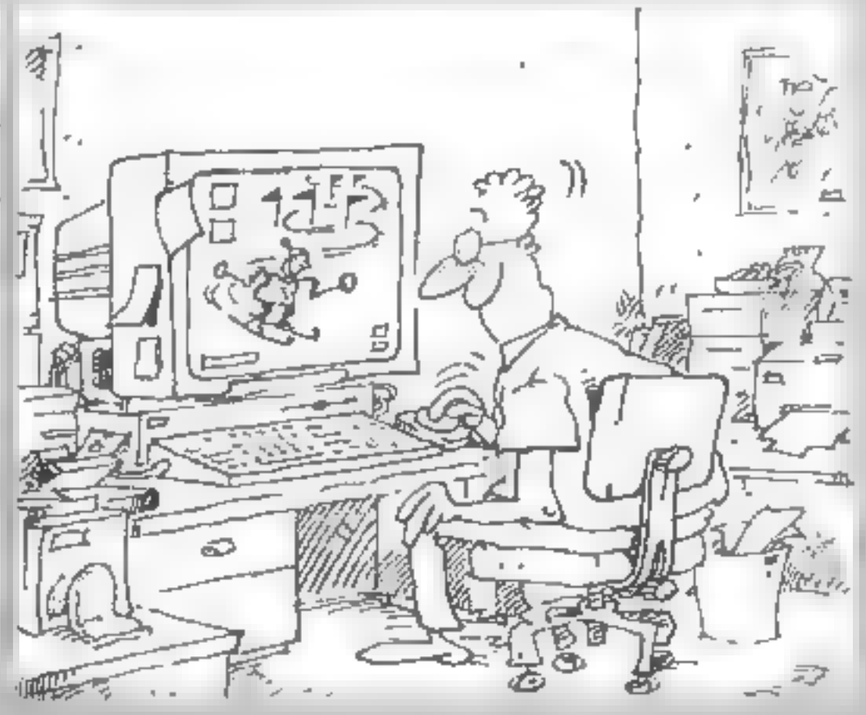


CHRISTMAS
SALE

AIRPORT
TAXI

FLIGHT 701
TICKETS

TRAVEL
AGENCY
VACATION!



FLIGHT 31
AIRLINES

INSTRUCTOR

701
PRES.
ETS.

701
VICE
PRES.
ETS

THE MASKED MOUNTIE AND HIS WONDER DOG, BISCUIT

CHAPTER VIII

"THE FLAMES OF DEATH!"

GWENDOLYN PULSEFIRE

I KNEW it! The WONDER DOG showed up to SAVE ME from this RAGING FOREST FIRE! I could NEVER have freed myself with just these STUMPS!

Good dog, BISCUIT! You brought a self-starting CHAIN SAW!

No need to worry, GWENDOLYN! We'll be FREE in a MINUTE! Then we'll deal with the EVIL BARON VON VINGLEHEIMER!

BROOWOWL PUTT PUTT

VRRRRKKK

BZZZTTT

WAAAAAAAH!

PUTT PUTT PUTT

DON'T MISS THE NEXT BLAZING EPISODE "HOW TO FILET A DOG WITH A CHAINSAW!"

HEAVEN CAN GRATE DEPT.

There was an old NBC TV show about an angel who appears on Earth in human form to help people in spiritual need. It was called *Highway To Heaven*. Always striving to offer something new and original, CBS has come up with *Touched By An Angel*. It's wildly different from *Highway To Heaven*. This time, there are *several* angels who appear on Earth in human form to help people in spiritual need. There's one other subtle difference — the new angels are even [illegible]

Tortured By An Angel

I'm **Monotone**, an **angel** in **human form**! I've found that the **best time** to do **God's work** is when people are **close** to **death**, or in the **middle** of a **crisis**, so I spend a lot of time **praying**! Praying for **gas main explosions**, for **floods**, even for **earthquakes**! Right now I'm **praying** for a nice **big car wreck**!

I'm **Testy**, the older, "**seen it all**" **angel**! Other angels **communicate** with **me**, but I **communicate directly** with **God**! When I close my eyes, I can **hear** what **He says**! Problem is, when I open my eyes, my **pocketbook** is **usually gone**! **Miserable thieves**! Even though I'm an **angel**, sometimes I'm **disgusted** by what I see on **Earth**, and I act **ill-natured** toward some of **God's creatures**! But basically I have a **heart** as **big** as **all outdoors**!

Testy's **heart** is as **big** as **all outdoors**, and her **butt** isn't **much smaller**! I'm the **Devil**! I just finished **screwing up** all the **traffic lights**, and now I have some **pay phones** to **trash**! I haven't had this much **fun** since I **invented** the **tax audit**! Years ago, I had to do **all** the evil in the world by **myself**, but now I have so many **politicians** and **lawyers** on my **payroll**. I just handle the **common, everyday things**! God, I **love planet Earth**!

I'm the **Angel of Death**! Only these days I'm so **busy**, I can hardly **catch my breath**! If only **Dr. Kevorkian** would just take a **vacation**, I could **finally get some rest** myself!

SAM VIVIANO

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO • WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Testy, where is our assignment going to be this week?

We're going to a little town where the only factory is about to close and put everyone out of work!

It can't be that cut and dried! We don't do anything that simple on this show!

You're right! The factory owner plans on firing everyone! He hates minorities, sexually harasses female employees and forces workers to take their vacations at their desk!

That's enough nonsense for an hour show! Let's go so I can start my usual hokey Get-Hired in a Minute routine!

PLOT LINE

Hello! I've come for the job as bookkeeper!

You're a little late! This place is about to close! Besides, I placed that ad over two years ago!

I live pretty far from town and it's a slow commute! I'll work for free!

Work for free, hmmm? That's a little more than I like to pay, but you're hired!

What are the working hours here?

Seven a.m. to seven p.m.! But you get three hours for lunch!

Hey, those hours aren't too bad!

The three hours are spread out over four weeks! You can take it in ten-minute a day increments, or blow it all in one three-hour splurge!

GOAL

?

With my help, your workers will put in shorter hours and make a bigger profit!

Yeah, right! Listen lady, I don't believe in miracles!

You should! They happen, you know! Sometimes this show makes the Nielsen rating's Top Ten! What do you think of that?

If that's true, there ARE such things as miracles! Big, BIG miracles!

You have never given us a raise!

We make half the minimum wage!

You said you couldn't survive on the minimum wage, so what difference does it make if I pay you half the minimum wage? You still can't survive, and I save a fortune!

That sounds logical! As the union rep, I say let's think about it and come back!

Forget about more money! First, we need a union representative with more brains!

BOSS MAN

NOT EN

Let's face it, I'm a mean and evil man!

Don't you say that! Let ME say it! You're a mean and evil man but maybe you're this way because of something that happened in your childhood! A corny flashback will help us explore that possibility!

That's not me! And that's not my childhood! I had a happy childhood!

I know! I'm trying to cut you some slack here — play along! Besides, we need at least three tear-jerker scenes per show, and this is only number one!

I did believe in God when I was a kid! That ended when I was playing on a little league team! I prayed and prayed that we would win, but my team still lost! How could that be?

Maybe the other team prayed a wee bit harder! Or they gave a little more in the collection box at church!

God keeps track of how much you give?

Hey, you didn't hear that from me, okay?

Someone set off a bomb! I can't imagine that any of these workers would do such a horrible thing!

They didn't want to at first, but after some pushing by me, I —

Monotone!

I only made the bomb and gave it to one of the disgruntled workers! It's not like I lit the fuse! Although it was my lighter! But, someone had to get even with the boss!

MEAN & EVIL INDUSTRIES

Get even? Revenge is not in our nature! Sometimes you're just a little too independent to suit me, and probably God!

Oh, yeah, like God knows everything! Right!

Monotone! That comment is sacrilegious! God knows all and sees all! He's infallible!

Infallible huh? If he's so infalli-ble how do you explain Atheism?

Listen to me! Blowing up things is not the answer! And trying to kill the boss won't solve anything!

What boss? We were trying to kill Monotone!

Next to her, our rotten boss seems like a saint!

Wow, I do have the power to change people's minds! Now, they like their boss! Well then, it's off to the hospital to aid those injured in the blast!

Those poor injured bastards don't know what they're in for with her around!

How cruel and inhumane can God be?

SOAP

You know you're being watched by God! And God is the Almighty, the all-powerful one!

I thought that was Newt Gingrich!

He just THINKS he's God! Actually, rumor has it that he really works for the other side!

Whatever you do, you must not give in to the Angel of Death!

There's really an Angel of Death?

Of course! Who do you think invented cigarettes alcohol, french fries and the suntan! Yes, there's a lot for you to know, and I'm not going to leave you until you know it all!

Angel of Death, where are you? Come to me! Save me from this crazy broad!

YOU RANG?

You were right, the patient in room 319 was too despondent to be saved! I talked to him for hours and he still committed suicide!

The man in room 319 wasn't a patient! He was a doctor resting! Now we're another doctor short! It would be more helpful if you were less helpful!

Leave her alone! She sends plenty of work my way!

I'm jealous that God gave you a big red Cadillac to drive!

I got a Cadillac 'cause God loves angels!

Is that why you got a Cadillac, Testy? Damn! I've been telling everyone you got it because it's the only car big enough for your butt!

Nah! If that were true, he'd have given her a tank!

MAX KORN

What are these things in the backseat of your car?

Hammers!

God supplies all his angels with hammers?

No. It's the producer's idea! We use them to hit people over the head with our goody-goody messages!

No, no, no! I can't believe it! This is just awful!

You can't save every patient, doctor!

Screw the patient! Our new two million dollar resuscitation machine just failed! And the warranty expired yesterday! Why the hell does that happen so often?

THUMP THUMP

LOVERS LEAP

I have to wash my hair before I tend to more patients!

How come you wash your hair five or six times a day?

That dove that flies over me all the time isn't exactly potty-trained!

Will you please shut that light off!

I can't! I'm an angel! I glow like this sometimes! I'm holding out my hand to you! You know why, don't you?

To take me up to Heaven?

Actually I was hoping for a tip! God doesn't give us any spending money, and with the high cost of everything...well, even angels need some cash!

As an angel, can you suddenly disappear if you want to?

If need be! But I only do it at very special times — like when I have a fancy meal and I disappear just as the check comes! Which reminds me, I'm hungry! I'm waving my hand — you're cured! Now leave!

$22,000 for one week in the hospital?

You were here for a week? I thought it was only six days! That's $25,200!

My medical insurance is supposed to pay for it!

Not anymore! You said you were cured by an angel! That means nothing is covered! Your HMO disallows heavenly intervention!

That'll teach people to think twice before they pray for help!

For he's a jolly good fellow...

For he's a jolly good fellow....

I can't believe it! Even with all her obnoxious ways, Monotone was able to unite all of you?

Yup! She united us all with the devil! We sold her all 50 of our souls! In exchange, she's gonna wipe Monotone off the face of the Earth!

Damn! I'll throw in my big red Cadillac if the devil can also keep her out of Heaven!

THE MASKED MOUNTIE AND HIS WONDER DOG, BISCUIT

THE ROTTEN EVIL BARON VON VINGLEHEIMER

CHAPTER XI "A HEAD START!"

SAWMILL

WRRRR

Good job, WONDER DOG! You tracked GWENDOLYN to the OLD SAWMILL!

WADDLE

WADDLE

THUMP

THUMP

WRRRRRRRRRRRRR

GREAT SCOTT! It looks like I JUST MADE IT in the NICK of TIME! SAY, what's that. . .

?

. . .loud noise?

VREENKT

BZSCHLIK

WRRRRRRRRRRRRR

DON'T MISS THE NEXT PROBING EPISODE "DOES A HEAD COUNT AS A DONOR ORGAN?"

ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING

DON'T FOLD-IN THIS PAGE, SCHMUCK!

These are the *backs* of the MAD Attacks Cards! The *fronts* of the cards are on the *back!*

GET IT?!?

HEADBANGER'S BALL

Her racist diatribes got her a slap on the wrist from her fellow team owners. The fans wanted more. Those who were there say they will never forget the sound of the bat cracking against the still-warm skull of Marge Schott, disgraced owner of the Cincinnati Reds. A hush came over the crowd as her severed head rocketed through the air and crashed into the right field foul pole. Incredibly, footage of this "Schott Heard 'Round The World" has been rebroadcast even more times than when that fat umpire dropped dead at home plate on Opening Day.

A MAD ATTACKS! CARD

CHOP SHOP

It was not the kind of body work usually done in Joey Buttafuoco's shop. His arms and legs came off as easily as the fenders and bumpers on a wrecked Yugo. Working with an arsenal of high-powered pneumatic drills, white hot blow torches and razor-sharp circular saws, the teenage girls dismembered Long Island's most notorious sex offender with the gruesome precision of a veteran butcher. Though he now amounted to little more than four bloody bags of neatly-cut organs, limbs and cartilage, his ever loyal wife, Mary Jo, promised once again to stand by her man.

A MAD ATTACKS! CARD

LAST GASP

For years, cartoon pusher Joe Camel had gleefully enticed the children of the world to smoke cigarettes. He knew they were addictive. He knew they were deadly. But he never knew they would be the instrument of his own horrible and painful demise. Force-fed the equivalent of a thousand packs a minute, the tumors erupted in his body faster than popcorn in a microwave oven. His blackened lungs became an organ of death, piercing the smoke-filled air with a cacophonous dirge of gasps and wheezes. A spokesman for the Tobacco Institute said there was "no scientific evidence to support the claim that cigarettes contributed to The Smooth Character's death."

A MAD ATTACKS! CARD

SLICES OF DEATH

Just when he was convinced he had gotten away with murder, O.J. Simpson tasted the blades of revenge. His blood-curdling howls of agony were heard throughout the canyons of Brentwood. But no one came to his aid. Not Kato. Not Rosa. Not even his race-baiting mouthpiece, Johnnie. Across the nation, women took to the streets in song and dance as the news spread of O.J.'s torturous demise. The LAPD immediately announced it would launch an exhaustive search for "the real killer."

A MAD ATTACKS! CARD

CHOKING THE WINDBAG

His charisma could not save him. His silver tongue could not talk them out of it. His body guards were nowhere to be found. Louis Farrakhan's final gulps for air were deliciously sweet music to the ears of the decent people whose races and religions he had so hatefully maligned. With each pull of his trademark bowtie, now a tourniquet of death, phlegm and sputum gushed forth until his foaming mouth resembled that of a rabid dog. Though billed as "The Million Man Funeral," reports circulated that they had trouble rounding up six guys to carry his coffin.

A MAD ATTACKS! CARD

EXPLOSION OF ANGER

They were not content to blow Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh to smithereens in one giant blast. It seemed too easy. Too kind. Each appendage was to be blown from his torso one by one. The crowd, many of them huddled under umbrellas so as not to be splattered by the flying flesh and bone, cheered more loudly with each successive boom. And when it was all over McVeigh made headlines again, becoming the first man to be buried in fourteen different states (and Puerto Rico).

A MAD ATTACKS! CARD

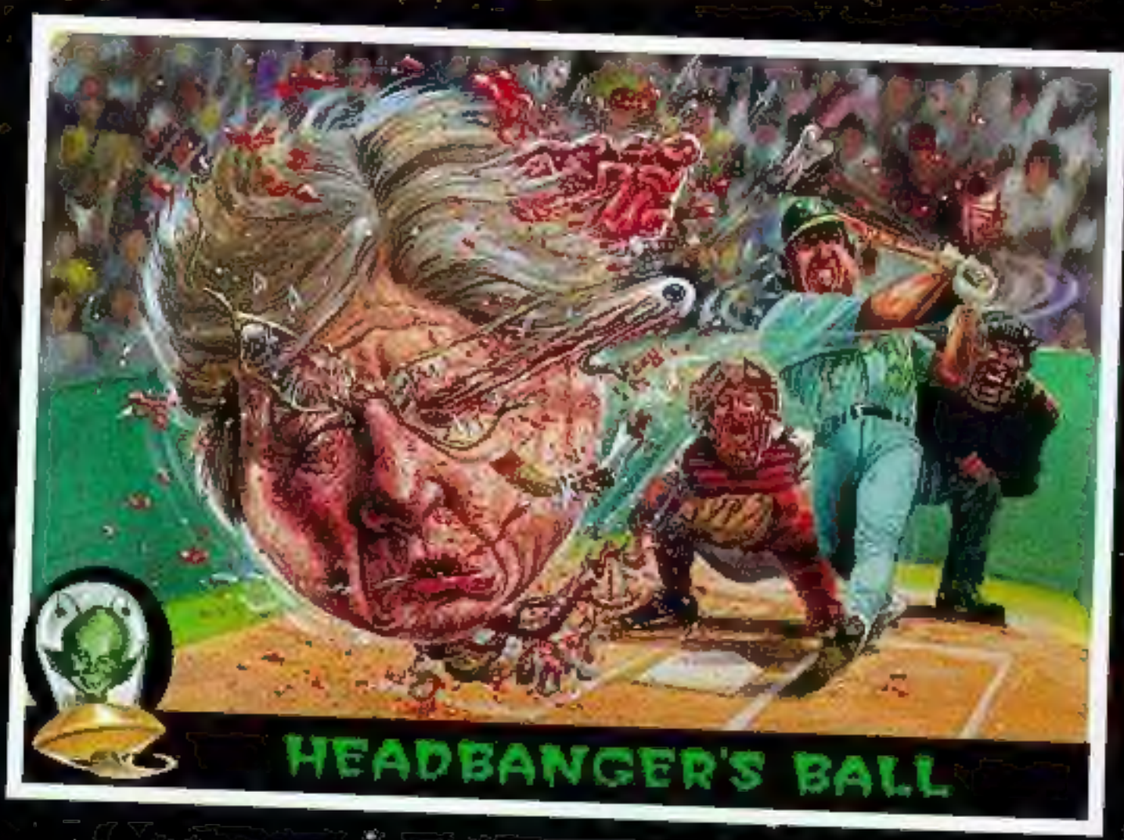
MAD ATTACKS

OUR STORY SO FAR...

The Scum of the Earth had oozed forth and gained both fame and power at the expense of an entire nation. Murderers went unpunished. Prejudice was rewarded. The ruthless and the immoral prospered. Finally, the people could stand it no more. Rising up, they took vengeance in brutal fashion, heaping unspeakable pain and misery upon their oppressors. Soon there was a card series based on this carnage. And a two-picture deal with Dreamworks! But we're getting ahead of ourselves. For now, simply sit back and enjoy the gratuitous butchery which history shall record as

MAD ATTACKS!

CHOP SHOP



HEADBANGER'S BALL

SLICES OF DEATH

LAST GASP

EXPLOSION OF ANGER

CHOKING THE WINDBAG